

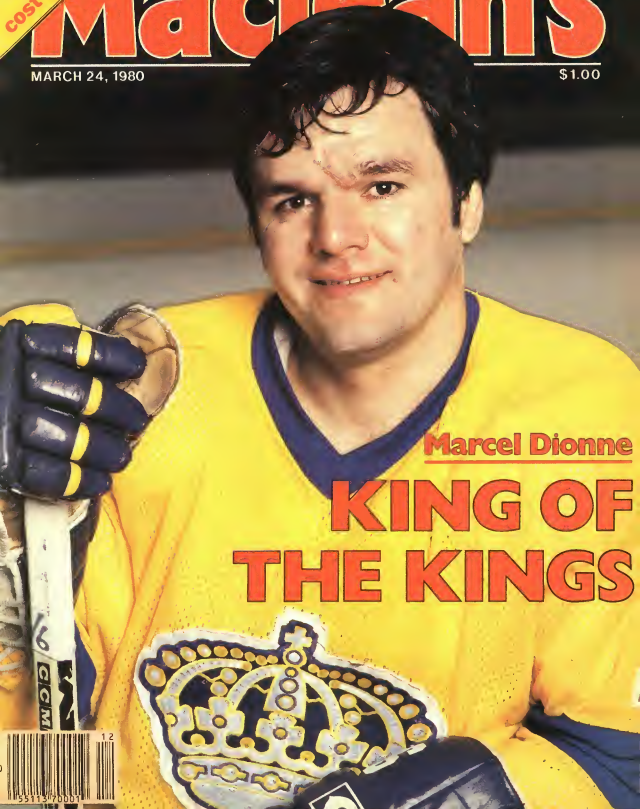
The high
cost of money

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWS MAGAZINE

Maclean's

MARCH 24, 1980

\$1.00



Marcel Dionne

KING OF THE KINGS



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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Macleans

MARCH 24, 1990

VOL. 93 NO. 12



Israel at odds

Israel's aggressive policy in the occupied territories is only the latest in a sequence of events that have increasingly isolated the country in a once-universal world.

Page 25

Picking on a funny bone

Dan Aykroyd and his video cameraman stand the camera next on its ear—or was it the funny bone? In any case, he is the latest of those of us who laugh at ourselves.

Page 12



COVER STORY

King of the Kings

His agent is looking for a \$900,000-per-year deal for his \$400,000 house in L.A. and a far distance from the mad-dog family home in Degrassi, Ontario. Quebec and he has finally outpaced his old foe Guy Lafleur. But Marcel Dionne, hockey's highest scorer this season, still has to rethink himself to think positively. He may be King of the Kings, but the team he joined for money and escape can't keep up with him.

Page 31



The Canada goose

Songbirds snowed out for a decade in the road again with a five-month tour, gambling that its old friends of high school humor will forgive the old silly magic show.

Page 32

Broke in Mortgage Manor

The mortgage manly has hit mortgage and elsewhere, and what it means, simply is that enough is enough—understand it's too high. People who leave their homes.

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Let there be new wine—but keep the old bottles

By Peter C. Newman

When Maclean's was first being teased as a weekly newsmagazine, I remember trying to define its ultimate objective as being able to provide our readers with "a rough working draft of history, 52 times a year." That may have been too grand a claim, and it certainly has turned out a difficult ambition to achieve. But the intention remains. History is not made up of battles and coronations. It is the slow accumulation of small events, daily achievements and setbacks—the record of how people live and evolve common experiences.

Magazines have their place in this process, but architecture remains its most durable expression. In this issue's *Podium* (page 6), Pierre Berton, a former managing editor of *Maclean's* and current chairman of Heritage Canada, advocates an imaginative approach to the preservation of the physical environment that forms such a dominant matrix of our national identity. Unlike most similar organizations in other, older countries, which are mainly concerned with preserving in amber the palaces where great treaties were initiated, Berton's approach is far more practical. His intention simply is to encourage retention of "cultural landscapes"—developed and unaltered landscapes that embody a historical significance but which together form unique and irreplaceable districts where Canadians

live and worked. In this spirit, Heritage Canada's projects have included a drugstore on Montreal's waterfront and restoration of a brewlaid in Dawson City—without its former occupants. "We say," Berton writes, "that any sound building for which an economic use can be found is a heritage building. We can no longer afford to rebuild the country every 20 years or so, just because we've written off the building as the ledgers."

To turn Berton's important crusade into a reality will require some minor but essential changes in the Income Tax Act as well as zoning bylaws and building codes. Public attention should be focused on the idea by declaring a national vacation the third Monday of every February called Heritage Day. (Apart from interrupting the winter hiberna, this would help Canada catch up with the number of public holidays enjoyed by the citizens of other countries. We have only eight, while the U.S. and Italy have nine each, West Germany has 11.)

I find it particularly easy to support Berton's sentiments because my Toronto townhouse was built in 1903. Boasting little architectural distinction, it manages to catch a turn-of-the-century ambience, while at the same time reflecting the contemporary reality of the urban 1980s. Perhaps that's what Charles Pachter, the writing mentor whom I recently consulted, meant. "The ultimate form of creativity is the renewal of tradition."



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Crown Royal



It also holds one of the world's finest whiskies.

Long day's journey into oblivion

By Susan Riley

Federal politicians don't look like risk-takers. They are so straight, so buttoned-down—confined to the point of banality, conservative in every important way. Yet every few years they risk everything by asking for the approval of a flicks electorate. They live or die according to the crude judgment of majority rule, a judgment that often takes the account of their own personal merits. And, after one embarrassing night of national exposure, the losers are usually left to ponder their failures privately. But what happens after the phones stop ringing, after the headlines fade?

First, banishment, like anything else, is easier to endure if you have money and options. For former Vancouver mayor Art Phillips, politics was a mostly, if not entirely, interruption of a lucrative business career. Since his defeat Feb. 18, he has been relaxing at his Ottawa townhouse and doing a little personal travelling while he waits for his wife, Nicola Taylor, to finish her contract with a local television station where she hosts a weekly morning show. After that, says Phillips, they'll decide what to do, but this time it's Carol's career that takes precedence and determines their next address. Meanwhile Phillips—who has always put high value on his private time—is enjoying his forced idleness, handling nothing more stressful than weekends in New York and turning down job offers. "I don't want a job, I want maximum freedom."

But for Guyana-born John Rodrigues of Michel Bédard, it is no luxury after seven years as an NDP member for his working-class north Ottawa. Rodrigues is now trying to find seven people on a pension of \$300 a month. He has taken a weekend job as janitor at a store, "sweeping up, washing floors," waiting for better offers, and trying to get rehired as a grade-school principal. "The phone has not been ringing off the hook," he says glumly. A hard-working MP, Rodrigues was branded a Marxist-Leninist during the campaign, and that, along with his outspoken criticism of many computers during last year's bitter NDP strike in Sudbury, may be limiting his prospects. But he is having other problems: after years of a punishing work schedule, suddenly he sits home with nothing to do. "I can't stand the quiet," he says. "The silence is deafening."

Former Tory secretary of state David MacDonald, defeated in P.E.I. after 18 years in Parliament, says the poli-

ticians who really suffer are those whose whole identity and self-worth is tied up with being a cabinet minister, or an MP. When they lose an election, they lose their identity, he says. It is primarily a male disease, often closely related to workaholicism, which is a raging epidemic on Parliament Hill. And sometimes the higher they are, the harder they fall.

Former economic "super-minister" Bob de Cotret is fast becoming an experienced loser—first, in Ottawa Centre last May, then in February in a valiant but doomed attempt to win a runoff riding in Quebec for the Tories. De Cotret has learned how to lose gracefully, and he can hardly be described as a shattered wreck. But he is a wounded man and it is difficult to gauge how much bitterness he feels against an electorate that has rejected him twice. One clue may be his comment that he is through with politics. "It's so unpredictable, not sufficiently permanent. . . . It can be very frustrating." Rumors abound that he will once again be plucked from obscurity by Joe Clark and be made his special economic adviser, but de Cotret does nothing to encourage the speculation. It seems more likely he'll turn now to the private sector, which is ideally suited to his high-energy, philosophically unambiguous style. However, he is forcing himself to rest until Easter. "There is a void to be filled, but I am enjoying being with my family again," he says.

None of the four main contenders—Phillips, Rodrigues, MacDonald or de Cotret—is an average MP. All have better-than-average ability and will likely land other jobs. For the next three months back to the law, farming, business, some of them taking a cut in salary, others slightly less. Some will be treated with bitterness, others slightly less. Carolyn Davidson, psychologist, Warren Thorpe, who has studied the psychological impact of political defeat, says, "I suspect one of the most serious fear missing for public office is the first place is a desire for approval. When a politician doesn't get it, he thinks people don't love him. To seek an explanation for something that is personally painful, there is a strong tendency to look outside themselves, to blame the bad image of a leader, the campaign itself, a stupid electorate." Adds Thorpe, "Very few will ever say: 'Well, I guess I just wasn't good enough.'"

Susan Riley is a Maclean's correspondent in Ottawa.



De Cotret: come, MP's only slightly better



CANADIANS PROVE RABBITS WORK AS HARD AS BEAVERS.

Meet the Finns of Wellesley, Ontario and their pet Rabbit. A Volkswagen John and Helen have owned for some 3 years and some 89,000 miles.

A car with a story to tell. Every weekend, the Finns fly to their wilderness retreat in a Beaver aircraft. And while this story may sound like one of romance and adventure, the real story is what's in the Rabbit that gets them to the Beaver.

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A fuel-injected engine powers the Rabbit from 0 to 80 km/h in just 8.2 seconds and does so most frugally on regular gas. Transport Canada's comparative fuel consumption rating for the Rabbit is 8.0 L/100 km*. For the Rabbit Diesel it is an outstanding 5.0 L/100 km*. That's the top fuel efficiency rating in the country.

Tie it all together and the Rabbit is one hard-working automobile that should not be ignored. So, don't find out all about the Rabbit at your nearest Volkswagen Dealer. He'll tell you what the Finns have already

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A pause that preserves

By Pierre Berton

It is difficult to believe, but his biographers make it quite clear that C.D. Howe was once prepared to tear down the West Block of the Parliament Buildings and destroy the Parliamentary Library because he thought they had stifled their usefulness and could best be replaced by modern structures of concrete and steel. If Lester B. Pearson had not stood in his way, the two most important public buildings in Canada would now be rubble.

So would Old Fort York, the cradle of Upper Canada. If Frederick G. Gardiner, Toronto's super-mayor, had had his way in 1966 he would have driven the Frederick G. Gardiner Expressway directly through the site. This didn't happen—not because the super-mayor feared to be the next victim of protest, but because he discovered, tardily, that an alternate route would send the city a million dollars.

Times have changed. The Parliamentary Library is now recognized as a national treasure—one of the finest examples of neo-Gothic architecture in the continent. The West Block, which also goes back before the Eve of 1900, is being restored at a cost of \$14 million. Old Fort York has become a major Toronto tourist attraction.

The public mood has altered. The Crystal Garden in Victoria, the Orpheum Theatre in Vancouver, the McDonald Church in Edmonton, the Bank of Commerce on Main Street, Winnipeg, the Old City Hall in Toronto, Windsor Station in Montreal and the waterfront properties in Halifax have all been preserved thanks to spirited public protest.

In the post-war reconstruction boom

that followed the Second World War, we were too busy rebuilding the country to give serious thought to our heritage. We wanted shiny new cities. The bulldozers and the wrecking ball did their work unchallenged. The most elegant structures in Western Canada, Winnipeg's old city hall, were knocked to pieces. So was Spruit's Gallery, the very first building in Vancouver, and William Van Horne's Victorian mansion in Montreal.

There are obvious examples of unthinkable waste: buildings of unguessed value destroyed by a society in hypochondria for a glittering future that it forgot about an instant past.

The boom that produced this vandalism is winding down but the apocryphal figure is: We are still in the ugly-on-a-gin argument about what is "heritage" and what is not. Fashions change. Viewpointers alter. It is hard to realize that Spruit's Gallery was once seen as nothing more than a shoddy or an eyesore; that the Winnipeg city hall was derided as an "ugly monstrosity"; that the Van Horne house was considered expendable because its owner was a Venice-born plutocrat.

As we enter the '90s, heritage, in its narrowest definition, has long since become a motherhood issue in which

the most voracious politicians publicly pay lip service. But at Heritage Canada we have arrived at a broader definition that makes sense for the new decade. We say that any building that is sound and for which an economic use can be found is a heritage building. We can no longer afford to rebuild the country every 30 years or so just because we have written off the buildings on the ledgers.

Unhappily, the nation's laws are still geared to the philosophy of a reinvention boom. It is hard to believe, but the Income Tax Act conspires against the preservation of sound buildings once they have been written off. From a tax point of view, it is cheaper to tear them down than to save them. Heritage Canada estimates that the country loses \$100 million a year—not to mention some precious historical aspects—from this policy alone. A better definition of "progress" would be a change in the Income Tax Act.

Building codes, zoning bylaws, housing acts, mortgage policies, tax incentives—all geared to a construction boom—conspire against renovation. Yet it is cheaper, in almost every instance, to preserve a building than to tear it down and rebuild. Developers find this truth difficult to accept, perhaps because there is so little expertise in the field of preservation. The architectural departments of our universities have no such course—in appalling situations at a time of economic crisis. Architects no longer have the old skills. Few contractors know how to save an older building economically.

At Heritage Canada, we have been asking for a national Heritage Day holiday in February, not just because we believe the public needs a mid-winter break but also because we believe in a national Heritage Day holiday in February, not just because we believe the public needs a mid-winter break but also because we believe in the shock value of a holiday. We need something startling to shake the nation from its lethargy. It is no longer necessary to convince Canadians of the historic value of heritage preservation, but it is essential to convince everybody of its economic value. Those politicians and businessmen who claim that a holiday is a costly and needless expense would do well to examine the real cost to the nation of its present policies.

Heritage preservation is more labor intensive than new construction. It is cheaper than new construction. It is already a \$4-billion annual business. C.D. Howe, were he alive today, would, I suspect, see the economic common sense at least of changing the nation's laws to save the nation's money. Perhaps he might see more. Strolling down the main streets of Canada he might also come to respect the texture of the past and to savor the feeling of continuity that a mixture of older buildings can give, reminding us, in the most graphic fashion, of who we are—a people with strong roots and strong convictions, a nation that understands and renews its heritage.

Author Pierre Berton is chairman of the board of governors of The Heritage Canada Foundation, a nonprofit, national charity charged with the preservation of the built-up past.



'We can't afford to rebuild the country every 30 years or so'

Put a little mildness in your day. Matinée



Mildness and flavour.
The Matinée quality tradition.



Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with smoking—avoid inhaling.
Average per cigarette: King Soft: 11 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine. Regular King: 11 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine.

Borderline behavior

By Thomas Hopkins

In the mild West Coast twilight two well-scrubbed Canadian couples in their late teens lean over a poster advertising a pornographic movie. It's tucked to the front of a hard-core men's-warehouse. A salt breeze sweetened by the smell of low tide carries a snatch of what the couples would have the world believe is sophisticated laughter. It's a little too loud. Not startled with the alien potential of this film they scuffle across the main street of Blaine, Washington, a 35-minute drive south of Vancouver, and study the side of something called Candy Goes to Hollywood. Launched on their expedition by a room-dare, they

lean someone's father's car, apprehensive a feather brush in the stomach.

For generations of teen-agers in B.C.'s Lower Mainland the target has been Blaine, to them a sort of Tijuana North. It's a hard right past the border checkpoint. The highway is raised, so the town must host its Arco gas station, Denny's restaurant and Shady's Press sign high into the night sky, like neon marquee signs in a distant, the southbound city. On a weekend on Peace Portal Way, Blaine's main street, lines of parked cars sport the navy blue of the B.C. licence plate. Prowling the street, late-model Pontiacs ramble and

Canadians with brassy exposed rear ends and yard-wide tires cruise. Attractions in the town of 2,000 include periodic service club "Beno" nights (when each is invited to the back in wheelbarrows), 11 cocked guns, bangs almost every night and the half-buff slap-slap of two movie houses. For most of the Canadian visitors it's an occasional curiosity, for some it's a way of life.

The parking lot of the Shady Town Tavern on a given Sunday is filled with B.C. cars and the odd one from Washington with a bumper sticker reading STICK YOUR LOULI IN. At the door Bobbi Prevost nudges in her nylon jacket, takes Canadian money at par and scrutinizes drivers' licences. The Washington state drinking age is 21, two years older than in B.C., and slightly Bobbi sees the forged usually as a way resistance fighter's. A willowy blonde Canadian leans over the counter and confides to the skeptical ticket-taker, "I know it doesn't look like me, but I entered my hair and I don't want you to know," and she looks a thumb at an obnoxious boyfriend. "Okay, honey," nods Bobbi, and the two disappear into the club's pounding galler.

Blaine is the border town closest to Canada's third-largest city. With a population of 1.5 million in a 50-mile radius, it has almost become a Vancouver suburb. Its customs port handled 5.4 million cars last year, the busiest port west of Detroit. At least 50 per cent of the town's economy is based on Canadian dollars, and in bars such as Shady Town, U.S. money is an inconvenience and kept under the cash tray like traveler's cheques. Canadian beer and cigarettes are

Two of Blaine's major attractions: 15 bars and bingos almost every night.



huddle and gaily discuss the educational merits of the two skin flicks. Decided, they pay their \$5 (U.S.) and, escorts holding doors for their darts, disappear into the darkness of the Sea Vue Cinema. It is a service ritual that is repeated hundreds of times weekly by Canadians living along the southern line. Blaine is a border town. There are some 115 villages and crossing points like it strung between the two countries, and sampling them is a rite of passage, a sort of "Canadian Graffiti," as persuasive as Hockey Night in Canada and Eisner's. For the young its tempt are a faithful of remote studio, trophies from a Yankee roadside bar, or crossing the line 3000000.



SOMETHING NEW ABOUT OUR OLDE FASHIONED HAM.

For over 80 years we've been cutting, curing and smoking our Olde Fashioned Hams the way J.M. taught us.

And we still use 16 pounds of the best pork to make 7 pounds of Olde Fashioned Ham.

We've only changed one thing. Now, we guarantee it. Each Olde Fashioned Ham is individually registered to guarantee your complete satisfaction or money refunded.

Because J.M. would have tasted.

You can still taste the difference quality makes.



regularly shown across various bars.

"If the town were in the middle of the state, it would be thriving," says Blaine's Chamber of Commerce president, Tom Ciesler. But the Messing from the north has also brought its own problems. On a busy summer weekend, Blaine's main street can resemble a parking lot, with backed-up cars waiting to get through the customs post. Border-related crime has forced the development of an eight-man police force, which says more than half the town's annual budget. For many in Blaine, particularly the elderly, elderly northwesterners, there is resentment at becoming a stepchild for the northern U.S. Crossing \$1 million a year on 96-per-cent Canadian business, the Sea-View Inn, not to mention the police lookouts and the 11 bars, stand out among the strictly touristy houses and 15 shipyard Blaine churches like a shipper in a convent. Last year, some 1,000 B.C.ers trooped south for abortions in northern Washington clinics. "We even had two mass marriage parlors in 1977. I was being arrested in Denny's," says defeated mayoral candidate Judith Blumhagen.

In Bellingham (population 30,000, 30 miles south), highway 99, Canada's main road has resulted in the birthplace of "The Great Chewchuck Controversy." Following an uneven 10-part series on the massive Canadian influence in northwestern Washington, Bellingham Herald reporter John Nelson dashed off a story saying that some young people had called Chewchuck "Chewchuck" (ignoring adjectives) and routinely named Canadian cars and shopped where at tourists. The story was picked up by U.S. wire services and gave wide distribution. A shell-shocked Nelson now says, "We hit a raw nerve," because the good burghers of Bellingham, who depend on Canadian shoppers almost as much as Blaine, gathered up



Sunday night drinkers, Dorothy. In 1977, an area had two massage parlors.

their skirts in civil resistance. In short order, the city council unanimously voted to endorse Nelson's article, announced the formation of an across-the-border friendship commission, and peppered Canadian papers that had reprinted the wine-survivor story with expressions of shocked denial. On the banks of an overpass just outside Bellingham on the way to Blaine, the fluorescent message CHWCHUCK CAN NO LONGER BE CAREFULLY SINGED away.

The response of Canadians has been more muted than anticipated. On a hair-shirt pilgrimage, Bellingham's mayor and various business leaders were presented with a tongue-in-cheek gift by Vancouver Mayor Jack Chambers. And the recent American euphoria over the "Canadian Capor" is less as further blustered tongueless grumbling. But the feeling persists, and although they deny the sentiment, most American borderites are not surprised by it. With the opening of the interstate highway in 1968 the sleepy, independent countryside has been in the hammerlock of progress. Housing

and real estate prices have quadrupled, largely as a result of bullish Canadian investment in the early '70s, and Washington state now contains fully 25 per cent of U.S. foreign-owned land. "This area has seen 40 years of development in 10 years," says Western Washington University political scientist Gerard Blaine. Add to this the fact that the Canadian goods in winning itself as the result of a nagging dollar (Blaine cringes) were down about 300,000 last year, that Americans are now crossing into Canada to buy gasoline and that Canadian natural gas used in Washington, which sold for 31 cents per 1,000 cubic feet in 1972 and last month was selling for 44.47, and the odds of resentment are not unlikable. But neither are they serious stress. Says Blaine's Chamber of Commerce president Ciesler, "Blaine and White Rock [B.C.] are looking about building a new castle right across the international border next summer." Shifting usually in his high leather chair at the Community State Bank, he adds, "Hell, you can't do that if you're not very expensive."

In the days before signalling Peace Peril Way, none of it touches Sunday night drinkers. "The Americans don't even see us in these places," says White Rock's Paul Sheppard, 29. It amounts to a cheeked 14 pop him, says Delta's Gary Rejzkin, 24. "But it's never happened." Tonight the Porters Bar is filled with the outland country music of Wayne Jennings and the old rock of pop balls in a booth down the wall, Joe Laramore, 22, from Burnaby, is practicing his table tennis, far his shaggy, shaggy, about the Fox, the Callaghan reportedly listed as the funniest in the world. Guinness Book of World Records To demonstrate the fun that will beat The Fox he carefully tips up the front of his leather jacket and flashes a quart and a half of Guinness's beer down his throat in those four seconds. "We're celebrating our holidays in February to go down to Santa Monica and track The Fox to his lair," grins Laramore wickerly.

Later, as the last crimson light of the Canadiana blink just beyond the guards at the north end of town, Diane Brady shakes his large Alford head in the back of his Crossroads Bar. "My family's been in this business a long time and I still don't know what brings Canadiana back here. I guess they're like Texaco sometimes they just like to jump in the car and drive." A bearded Andrew Strick of Quadra Island, B.C., says there's no mystery. "In Canada, the attitude is if you're drinking you'll be punished. Here," he sweeps a Miller High Life through the neon-plated darkness, "it's beer." Loose and, perhaps best of all, away from home, south of the line. ☐



"My wife the comparison shopper set me straight on French wine prices."

"When I saw the French labels on the wines she'd bought, I thought we were celebrating a win on the lottery. "I was wrong about that, too."

"So far as my wife is concerned, the LCBO is just another kind of supermarket. She walked around checking prices and

labels and discovered that the blended table wines of France (the kinds most French people enjoy) are priced just as reasonably as anything imported from any other country in Europe.



"So now I know what to look for when I do the shopping."

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Picking on the funny bone

By Patricia Goldstone

I was a brilliant actress, as it turned out. My career must have started the moment I was trying to duck up a program that would "narrate" 18-to-25-year-old watchers (the trendy spenders) in front of television screens late in the evening. So they sent their scouts scurrying to the stages of the Second City cultural revue companies in Toronto and Chicago and signed up seven young performers at \$750 a week. Among the seven was a large, deceptively clean-cut young man with a shock of curly brown hair and a startling gift for mimicking Presidents Carter and Nixon, Orson Welles, Clark Gable and other victims. Nobody could have guessed there was an Ottawa Valley accent somewhere in his makeup.

The show they put together back in 1975 was *Saturday Night Live*, now an institution. The performer was Dan Aykroyd. Today, at 27, he is rich, famous and a cult hero to more than 60 million viewers of the program. Although Aykroyd has since moved from TV to making movies, his six programs are now regular, prime-time reruns. The attraction was a blend of sophisticated, off-beat humor and pointed, unapologetic commentary, all served up with an affable improvised air. In the best tradition of humor, the show had viewers laughing at their own follies, which in turn had reviewers talking about its "cutting edge of truth."

Dan Aykroyd was always in any part of that edge, although the word "sharp" is hard to associate with a belly belly (he can stretch to six and a half inches) and a friendly expression. His Dutch-fused good looks can switch to an exact to the contrary, following gaps of later ego. In *Best Men*, a sleazy "television personality," or in the rambling parody of *Delia's* (which he also stars in), he plays hypocrisy in a postmodernist caricature of a "You don't!" Certain of all his own unadorned facts. With comedian Steve Martin he created a period piece of the late '70s, the "Church Brothers" routine. They put the raw language of American culture on the end of a sharp tongue, sharper and punctured it gleefully, enshrining "wild and crazy gaps" in the vernacular. To this day it par, some, were unimpaired "hey, eh, eh,"



objects of the verb "gagging." The comic writing (for TV as well as movies) has the pit-downer relief of a TV program—which in fact he was, as an actor he studies his characters with the obsessive eye of a criminologist—he was that, too. His talents have taken him beyond the TV screen through two movies, *Blind Love* and *First Sight* (which died after a few weeks' run in 1976), and to his current film project, making *The River Brothers* with actual John Belushi. Some Michaels, producer of *800*, calls Aykroyd "not the best actor I've ever worked with, certainly one of the best."

A recent interview with Aykroyd was a journalist's rare field day. When he was previously published interview, with *Rolling Stone* magazine, left him furious at the press in general. He had been par-

Aykroyd as satirist Gopherbump, in the "Couch Brothers" act with Martin (left), and with John Candy in "1941." There were better men than me to serve this Lord.

rored as being drug-crazed, selfish, ungrateful to his parents and condemning to his job-friend, ex-co-writer Steve Shuster. But on the set his acting persona bore little resemblance to the disheveled, wild and crazy guy in the show's photographs. Shortly turned out in the olive drab and pinstripes of a 1940s soldier, hair neatly brushed, Aykroyd looked his part. "A straight, knowledgeable, no-nonsense."

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The second Dan Aykroyd is probably closer to the "real" Dan Aykroyd than the first. Born in Ottawa and raised in Hull, Quebec ("Where Montreal sends its old passengers to end up"), Daniel Edward Aykroyd is the son of Samuel Cathbert Peter Hugh Aykroyd, a former government official whose English fluency can be traced back to a 14th-century poem.

Speculations for young Daniel were high at home, particularly on the part of Aykroyd's French-Canadian mother. But Aykroyd, although no slouch intellectually, managed to get himself spent six times from some of Canada's finest schools, including the St. Paul X Minor Preparatory Seminary for boys (That's his story. His mother says he was never expelled, but that it tickled his sense of humor to embellish his delinquent past in the retelling.) "I was really a loser, man," he remarks with some pride. "But all the real intellectuals I knew, the people who fascinated me, were losers too. They banded together for survival and became hoods. And I became part of the band." His high-school education ended at a co-ed Catholic school in Ottawa, of which he told Show editor Timothy White: "My friend, there were much better men than me there to serve the Lord. We were all supposed to be little angels, little jerries. But we'd put on our polo, dot-mat shirts, Wildroot Cream Oil, Beetle boots, and our hose."

Looking back on that period, Aykroyd marvels, "What a loudmouthed, flagrant fool I was." His romance with delinquency continued through college at Carleton University where, "leading toward a career in prison classification," he shuffled between courses in criminology. (He spent one summer writing a manuscript on "personnel placement" for the solicitor-general's office in Ottawa.) He lived with a gang called the Black Top Vamps, played the harmonica in several bands and continued his studies on a non-academic level with neighbors like "George de Toof," a French-Canadian fellow. Between school years his father found him a succession of character-building jobs: railway stock clerk, warehouseman and storekeeper on a road in the Northwest Territories. (Today Aykroyd's shirts are still strongly tinged with blue. He likes to "smash in and punch out" at the studio, then "go home and forget about it.")

He was acting at the same time, and made a painless transition from campus follies to Toronto's Second City scene after a brief stint as a TV producer at \$5 a week (Younger brother Peter has followed Dan's footsteps into Second City and Saturday Night, where he has been writing and performing for the past year. "They're very close," said Michaels, "but we're trying very hard for Peter not to be Danny's shadow.") He also ran the Club 986, or Toronto's trendy Queen



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Street Riot ("The best beating I've ever seen" was in Canada!) with buddy Marvin O'Hara. The 505 found many of Aykroyd's thousand faces. He could be a blue-collar burlesque, a gangster bootlegger, and an actor satisfying his need for company into the small hours. After a shave, all at the same time. (It was also a necessary rest for stress. In New York on Saturday Night, Aykroyd set up an identical joint with friend Belushi, the famous, or infamous, Bear Bar. It was there that Belushi and Aykroyd, with first-class backup musicians, recorded the blues album *Driftnote Pull of Blues*, which was certified platinum in the U.S. in 1979. As John J. Hise, Belushi's lawyer, told the *Times* while Aykroyd, still in the hospital, signed the album: "Life was sweet. Maybe actor Belushi, who met Aykroyd one night improvising at Second City, was 'a little freaked out' when the 22-year-old Canadian refused to leave his nurse for big bad New York and the National Lampoon Radio Hour and the ad-Strawberry hit *The National Lampoon Show*, which Belushi was directing at the time.

It was Lorne Michaels who eventually griefed Aykroyd over the border. Aykroyd admits that Michaels was more than a little dubious of the highly volatile (elements of Belushi and himself, and bottled a long time before letting them. "He'd heard that we were unstable, that there might be discipline problems, 'I know!' But Michaels' instincts proved correct, and Aykroyd had found a niche. It's interesting that Saturday Night, which commenced so diversely and so triumphantly on the American way of life, had such a strong core of Canadian talent," Aykroyd points out. "There was Lorne and Raine (Shuster), Howard Stern, the musical director, Steve's assistant, Paul Schaffer, myself, and another writer, Brian Murray Golda (Kadane), though she's from Detroit, lived and worked in Canada for a while. There was a tremendous overlap between the two Second Cities: it's all the same group of video connoisseurs."

The whole first year of the show, Aykroyd crashed on a team-cabover mat at Belushi's Village pad. His sleeping arrangements were somehow symbolic of the frenzied pace of the show. "You couldn't improvise the way we did in Second City because we had five cameras rolling and the director cutting to him and you couldn't deviate because he'd lose his shot. When we built the script beforehand we'd improvise, then sit down and write it, cut it down, build it up, polish it, black it on camera twice, play it twice, then the third time play it for keeps. It



Aykroyd hammering for the camera, prop and (bottom) some group of video connoisseurs

took one week to do a whole show. We'd go home on Sundays, worry about it all day, then know it would be Monday, and we'd be back with a new one."

The clubhouse atmosphere created an "instantaneous family relationship," according to Aykroyd, who presently fell in love with Michaels' soon-to-be-on-air wife Rosie, aka "Rose." All in the family, Michaels started seeing Aykroyd's ex-girlfriend Shuster in the daughter of comedian Frank Shuster. Aykroyd calls her a "witty, beautiful, articulate, intelligent, compassionate woman," who helped him withstand the tremendous pressure of the show. "She opened up her home to me, made me tuxedo sandwiches, turned the TV off and on, and went out to



the movies with me a lot. "I'm a very empty person, really," Aykroyd continues. "I can't sit around and have a talk, or communicate too much. Music likes to sit and analyze relationships and discuss human experiences, and I have a real handicap there. After work I'm like a robot. I like to sit back and watch TV and rack back a few beers and my eyes become heavy-lidded and I just zone through the rest of the day."

Aykroyd says he would like to see the "hermeneutic side" of his personality blossom, and that "Rose" is helping him overcome his "tremendous male-macho orientation." But nothing is as "male-macho" as Aykroyd's relationship with Belushi. "We don't make a move without each other," says Aykroyd. "That's I can communicate because he's a male John's the stable one. He'll always show up for work because he's the one with the respect for the industry. He's got it in his family. I do the work because I've always found it easy and because it's the closest thing to a regular paycheck that I've ever had." Aykroyd has his eye on a different sort of paycheck for the future. "When I'm 80 I hope to be in another business altogether. Something I can get my hands into, with a couple of trucks and cranes—something with an inventory."

But for the moment he's engrossed with making *Brooklyn Brothers*, possibly because his writer's ego is also involved. "My problem is that the studio thinks it's *Animal House* and I think it's *The Deer Hunter*." He sits and closes and nobody is talking, especially about the budget, which is rumored to have leaped from \$6 million to an estimated \$20 million-plus Hollywood seems like a strange place to hide out, especially for someone with "no respect for the industry," as Aykroyd describes himself. It is emphatically not a world in which one is judged on the merits of work alone, but on the image one can or is willing to present. Clearly, Aykroyd has not yet come to terms with being a public person. "Diversity is naturally shy and resents the invasion of his privacy," says Michaels. But, on the other hand, more than one career has been built on the words, "I Want to Be A-List."

"I think Danny will make his peace with the movie world," said Michaels. "He's a tower of strength, and he's always stayed with the work as long as it takes to make it as good as possible. But, like me, he's a Canadian and we share a dislike of the hyperbole which is part of show business. I think we'll meet again, sometime. He's not through with television yet, not by a long shot." ◇

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Dateline: New York City

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"noshers" with a cocksure that betrays their culture; and everybody from politicians to the police seems personally on the verge of calling a strike. Welcome to New York City, the Big Apple. But whatever its drawbacks, people

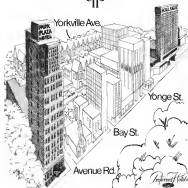
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keep flocking to the metropolis area. And not just the crowd that flies in vast but wouldn't want to live there. That popularity, in the face of seemingly overwhelming disadvantages, has created another headache for the city — a mounting housing shortage. When New York's now legendary financial crisis first surfaced in the mid-'70s, hard-boiled landlords momentarily panicked and detested co-operative apartments (estimated at \$50,000). Today those same apartments are changing hands for well over \$100,000. That is, when you can find one at all. Co-ops are even scarcer than people willing to pay yearly mortgage rates starting at 10 per cent for four months, 15 weeks, nine capovers.

Still co-op sales are considerably too tight than the rental market. For New York's prime rent, Manhattan south of 96th Street, the apartment vacancy rate stands at a mere one per cent. Skyrocketing building costs which discourage new construction explain part of the squeeze, but changing living patterns are as much to blame. "The divorce rate is up, marriages are late, and the homosexual element is slow to substantial house," explains Agathe Laher, a lawyer specializing in housing rehabilitation.

Understandably, the shortage has pushed rents sky-high with some studio apartments leasing for as much as \$600 a month and two-bedroom apartments rising to well over \$1,000 in many cases. For the first time in years, substantial numbers of middle-class city dwellers are finding their most desirable above the horizon property at one-quarter of their gross incomes. Even then, what they can get for their money means vastly diminished. Two young couples dreamed of a mid-Manhattan balcony for under \$100 a month; they were showing us for \$300. The only way to describe it is a garage with a sofa and a hallway—something my grandparents would have seen. It was disgusting," said Peter Bernick.

Like many other would-be Manhattanites, the Bernicks were forced to settle for what once was considered the respectable boondocks—a co-operative apartment in Brooklyn. Increasingly, people committed to the city are turning to the outer boroughs rather than cannot what, in a confirmed New Yorker, is the ultimate sell-out—a move to a quarter-acre with a split-level ranch house in New Jersey. "It's amazing to me that people don't give up and get a house in the suburbs, but they're staying in town," notes one Manhattan realist. "City people have to explain why they're here because it seems such a stupid place to live if you're raising a family. You go through the reasons but the real reason you're here is because you don't want to live anywhere else."

Bill Christopher

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Letters

Don we now our gay apparel

As far as I have never been to a disco, some portions of a Sunday brunch or a Potters, never see a converted warehouse and doesn't know the meaning of the word "sweat," you can imagine the culture shock I experienced after reading your article *Gay Impact* (Feb. 18). I was like most of these fugitive 40-year-old women coming out of the bush after 35 years of deprivation and ignorance. Thank you, Madelon!

FRYD AMER, SASKATOON

Barbara Amiel is to be congratulated for her article on gays which, if nothing else, reinforces the contention that the straight media are as much behind the times as everyone else. The gay press revealed the badly longed-for fact that homosexuals were influencing everything from fag-pagering to feminism at about the same time Peter C. Newman was still writing *Extremists* (that indicated his faith in the electoral system). Now that we have been revealed by a magazine that, in the same issue, espoused the truth behind the central role of the Love Riots, we can sleep tight, as our lower gyrations, knowing we are as morally acceptable as the Golden Arches.

MARK O'NEILL, VANCOUVER

The basic premise I got from your article on the gay scene in Canada is that all gays share a certain "sensibility" which, aside by high disposable incomes, expresses itself in trend-setting flourishes of "sophisticated" behaviour. Such gross generalization is as



Gayish fashion show: out of the bush

false and demeaning on any of the traditional stereotypes of gays. Are readers of Madelon's text to be treated to simplistic analyses of, perhaps, Jews in the legal profession, or the untouchability of working women during menstruation? Amiel and O'Toole seem to have written their articles over dinner at a trendy restaurant. Perhaps in the future they might venture outside to investigate those gays who do not fit into their facile mould. But then again, to generalize deliberately, we all know that reporters are unable to defragment one small part from the whole.

J. RICHARDSON, TORONTO

Equal time on equal rights

I thought your article *Equal Rights Means It's Morrie Gray* (Feb. 18) by David Macfarlane was fine for the most part. However, for identity sake in the article as "another member of Margaret's for-

um" and an investigative reporter for a Utah magazine. I am a member of the Mormon Church and I write investigative journalism, but I have never been a member of Margaret's for me, as are others of your sources.

LIVIN' HARPON, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Shifting Gears

I thoroughly enjoyed Lawrence O'Toole's profile of Richard Gray (*The Mystery Behind the Chrysler Murders*, Feb. 18). Since seeing Gray in the movie *American Gothic*, I have been scanning the newsstands intently looking for the made story. To a movie buff like myself, O'Toole always seems a step ahead in bringing the latest news. I enjoy his reviews and particularly admire him for having the courage to speak his own mind, often going against the consensus of other critics. However, no matter how any Richard Gray is, I can't agree disagreeing Gray as "the first important movie of the decade" (*More Than Just a Gimp*, Feb. 4). I thought the end of the movie was boring and most of the dialogue embarrassing. But I am still looking forward to more reviews from O'Toole.

ELEANOR GRAY, HALIFAX, N.S.

Placement service

It was nice of Susan Riley to inform us of "some places and players to watch" (*A Trifling Watch on Tiger's Back*, Feb. 18). But really, Mexico's, south-west Nova Scotia is not part of New Brunswick, and Stuart Johnston is not.

RAY ROLIVAN, SHERBROOKE, N.B.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their full name and address, and mail correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, Madelon's magazine, 411 Chalmers Ave., Toronto, Ontario, M5T 1A7.

Breeding grounds

I read with interest William Leather's article *Proving Family Trees* (Feb. 18). The population trends in Canada are well known and the Canadian fertility rate is known to be below replacement level. The different provinces in Canada show the same pattern of declining fertility, and Quebec, which had the highest birthrate, is now the province with the lowest birthrate. The low level of reproduction, along with the high life expectancy, has aged the Canadian population. If the birthrate is to decline further, Canada will age further. Even though prenatal fertility surveys were done in the late 1960s and early '70s, Canada has not yet had a national fertility study, even though we have the expertise and the facilities to do one.

F. KERNIGAN, EDMONDSTON

From the shoulder

Hurray for James H. Gray (Letters, Feb. 11). He expressed what I've so long felt about Madelon's journalistic style. Please, drop the breathless style, the "we" situation, the unrelentingly tedious and give us some straight writing.

ANITA MCQUELLAN, HEDON, NORTH D.C.

Monkey see, monkey do

In your article *Multiple-Choice Anxiety* (Feb. 4), you end with the question: "If they (the tests) truly measure only rote ability, not learning skills, how can teaching improve results?" The answer is simple. One teaches the student how to take the test. No test, including IQ tests, is cheat-proof. Test-taking is a skill and once the student has the familiarity with the form of the test and the types of questions used, his score will improve regardless of his innate ability.

PATRICK CURRAN, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, CENTRAL LONG ISLAND FAMILY COUNSELING SERVICES, INC., NEW YORK

The maple leaf for only

This may not have bearing on a social topic. However, I feel it worth consideration. In a country struggling to attain a national identity, it is discouraging to see an entire section of our national magazine devoted to a foreign country, namely the United States. I realize the U.S. is a large news-maker but why should it have any special privileges over other foreign countries? If we are sure to attain a national identity we must put more emphasis on Canadian news rather than foreign. After all, I can't seem to find a section entitled Canada in *Time* magazine.

STEVEN MAYNARD, TYNE VALLEY, P.E.I.

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Broke in Mortgage Manor



Woodford, family, surviving \$16,000 more, works about losing the home.

By Cheryl Hawkes

It is, perhaps, an indication of the mortgage mentality of the 1970s that Vic Woodford may be considered an average Canadian homeowner. When Woodford bought his Mississauga, Ontario, house five years ago, he was 26, had two jobs, a 17-year-old wife, two children and an income of \$15,000. With \$4,500 down he bought into a condominium development and settled into the joys of home ownership.

But late last year, Woodford got a jolt. When he went to renew his first mortgage he found the rate had jumped from 9 1/2 per cent to 15, and his second mortgage would climb from 12 per cent to 17. Effective April 1 his mortgage payments would increase from \$485 to \$685 per month. Now the father of four, he worries about keeping his home despite \$16,000 in added annual earnings. And he has discovered that he is not alone.

The plight of Woodford and 19 of his neighbors in Toronto newspapers early in February. After the sun died down, he appeared in the papers again, saying that the problem was not peculiar to his subdivision and asking other Canadians to contact him. The response was astonishing. "After the first 1,500 phone calls, I stopped counting," he says. His phone line was jammed day and night

and radio stations across the country called for interviews. By last week he had taken a leave of absence from his job as a car salesman to devote all his time to campaigning for Proposal 90 (the number on his townhouse), which calls on the federal government to freeze mortgage rates.

Not everyone may agree with Woodford's particular solution to the problem of soaring mortgage rates, but his campaign has definitely touched a nerve. More than 300 other suffering households have written to him from across Canada, an undreamable number of them from Winnipeg where

mortgage foreclosures in January and February jumped roughly 75 per cent over last year's record highs. And last week's introduction of the Bank of Canada's new floating rate (see National) immediately sent mortgage rates to new record levels—15 1/2 per cent at one bank.

"The people I've heard from," says Woodford, "aren't from one particular social level. They're doctors, lawyers, architects, garbage men. These people say they don't mind paying \$2 for a gallon of gas or \$20 for a case of beer. But their houses are something sacred." "He's not alone," says Winnipeg bank clerk Sharon Wagner. "We all feel like this." Wagner and her husband, Scott, are one of an estimated quarter million Canadian families who must renew their mortgages this year at rates as much as 50 per cent higher than they had agreed to five years ago. Vic Woodford, says Mrs. Wagner, has given them the incentive to fight. "We're not going to take it lying down."

Jim O'Connor, social service coordinator for the Ontario region of Peel where the Mississauga protesters live, calls this "the Network reaction," reminiscent of the movie where disgruntled



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say TV viewers were urged to open their windows and shout, "We're mad as hell and we're not going to take it any more."

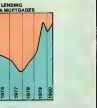
Rising rates are knocking more and more people out of the housing market. At current rates of about 15 per cent, says MacD Campbell of Vancouver's Daon Development Corp., only about half of many people can afford to buy a house as was the case when rates were 13 per cent. In 1976, mortgage lenders shed \$499 million in claims on CMHC's mortgage insurance fund, more than 2½ times the 1975 total.

Ironically, many of the homeowners hardest hit are people who bought homes under the federal government's Assisted Home Ownership Plan (AHOP), introduced by the Liberals in 1975. Designed to help low-income families buy homes, AHOP provided grants and repayable monthly loans to subsidize a family's carrying charges. The subsidy, in effect, gave AHOP families mortgages at about eight per cent when regular mortgage rates were running between 10 and 11½ per cent. The subsidy was repayable on the assumption that by the end of the five-year term the final cost picture would be similar for AHOP buyers, reflecting having been benefited by the growth by the wage and price controls the Liberals introduced that same year.

Aided and abetted by a variety of provincial housing schemes, AHOP created a gold-rush mentality. "A family would go for a drive on a Sunday afternoon,"

most promoted under the AHOP scheme, have simply been abandoned. Vagrants have been found lying in the empty houses and vandalism is on the increase. "We'll know in a year what we're really up against." Certainly Canadians of all income levels are pleading for government action to help them battle the mortgage squeeze, but all that has been forthcoming so far are promises. The Conservative government promised mortgages and tax credits but that scheme disappeared as the Liberal victory of Feb. 18. Last week new Public Works Minister Paul Cosgrove, who is also responsible for CMHC, promised that proposals to help homeowners having to renew existing mortgages at higher rates should be before the Liberal cabinet soon. "My first priority is to help people whose mortgages under AHOP are due for renewal this year." The first government to act this year was that of British Columbia, which has poured \$200 million into a three-year scheme to help renters buy their first homes, but the B.C. scheme would seem to be as likely to backfire as AHOP.

Back in Mississauga, Vic Woodford knows to all a 5,000-sq-ft suburban with angry home owners on March 30.



say Cosgrove, "and want two things, an acre or more and a house. One was as easy to buy as the other." Admits Mississauga AHOP homeowner Candy Piper, "A good many of us had no business buying a house."

Many such buyers are now heading under the weight of high mortgage rates plus repayment of their loans in Brampton, Ont., one-third of the 450 homes in Kennedy Green, a develop-

ment for the biggest protest yet. But Hilar Jackson, former senior staff officer for the Canadian Real Estate Association, says one shot protest won't solve the long-term problem. He says Canada's 3½ million home owners need a permanent lobbying organization in Ottawa. Says Jim Greener, "We've been taught in this country that owning a home is next to godliness. All we're saying now is, there is no God." ☐

British Columbia

A punch in the f----- nose

After suffering through a storm of winter embarrassment, Premier Bill Bennett took his slim, frost-bitten majority into the B.C. legislature early this month with some confidence. But for Bennett, once again, it was not to be. New charges soon emerged that the province's deputy attorney-general had meddled in three separate court cases and that the present and former attorney-general were involved. It was being called the Vogel Affair, and the battered government was once more on the defensive.



Vogel, King allegations about blocking admission of call girl

The scandal began innocently enough with a gumped-up NDP Opposition attacking Bennett with an already filthy list of allegations about Secret dirty tricks, misadvised campaign funds, electoral tampering and influence peddling, but tempers were thin and in a sudden acrimonious confrontation resembling a Saturday night barroom brawl, Frank Howard, NDP MLA for Okanagan, and that of Health Minister Hilar Jackson were prepared to call him a "wonderless son of a bitch." He was ready to punch the Secret MLAs "in the f----- nose." That line made it successful through television and radio newscasts and transferred the view that the light-bulb-tossing legislator, known to tourist in-

dwaters as "the birdbrake," is something of a joke.

Despite that, all seemed to be going well for the Secret until CBC TV reporter Chris Bird broke a story that alleged interference by Deputy Attorney-General Richard Vogel in three separate court cases. One involved charges that Vogel allegedly attempted to block the appearance of former B.C. Chief Justice John Farris as a witness in the trial of red-haired Vancouver outlaw Wendy King. Farris' name had been mentioned in connection with police investigations of King.

By the time questions period rolled around the next day, Vogel had quietly taken a leave of absence from his \$50,000-plus position. Attorney-General Allan Williams and his predecessor, Garde Gaudin, now minister of intergovernmental relations, absorbed risk from the Opposition benches. Alice Macdonald, attorney-general in the one-term NRC government of Dave Barrett, led the assault, demanding that both Williams and Gaudin step down.



and that an independent inquiry be established. Under questioning, Gaudin revealed that two of the incidents had already been probed by Associate Deputy Attorney-General Neil Macdonald. In Gaudin's view, Vogel had erred in one case. That involved Andrea Bagg, son of Vancouver doctor J. Michael Bagg, who had been acquitted of drugging with a blood-alcohol reading in excess of 48. The CBC report alleged that Vogel intervened when senior crown counsel demanded to appeal the acquittal, granted by provincial court Judge Les Desjardis, because "I'd connected him I'd only give

him an absolute discharge anyway."

At the week-end, Williams had appointed Vancouver lawyer John Hall to investigate the charges against Vogel and government members were casting

anxious glances over their shoulders for more unpleasant spring storms. For Premier Bill Bennett, certainly, it has been a long dreary winter.

Jack Danyshuk



An aloha scope from two nations

On the big island of Hawaii the action is mostly at eye level. Few casual-colored tourists are invited to lift their gaze heavenward, but if they do they might glimpse a gleaming white bump 15,000-foot Mauna Kea mountain, like a one-level Ulu, Canada has invested at least \$10 million in the bump. France another \$10 million and the state of Hawaii has donated part of the mountaintop. The result is the Canada-France-Hawaii Telescope, latest triumph for Canada's scientific. Officially unveiled last September, CNFF spent the winter getting a tie technical taping by its staff of 30. But last Saturday, at the dark of the moon, Gerard Lemaire of France's Marseilles Observatory, the first visiting astronomer, drilled into the prime focus cage, according to guidelines a giant security near the top of the observatory's great dome and made the telescope's first spectrographic analysis of light from a magnitude 16 quasar.

Six years in the building, the Canada-France-Hawaii Telescope is a testament to international co-operation. Graham Ogden, associate executive director of the CNFF Corporation and Canada's top scientist on the site, explains that the scope's mechanical parts



Observatory, Ogden, two nations, a mountaintop and its tech

were made in France, then hauled up the mountaintops by truck. The 12-foot mirror, cast in Toledo, Ohio, from a synthetic ceramic material known as CSM-VT, required 25,000 man-hours of polishing over a period of three years—all done at the Dominion Astrophysical Observatory in Victoria (whose director, Sidney van den Bergh, will be CNFF's second visiting astronomer).

Staff at the observatory represent an astronomical United Nations with engineers and technicians from Vietnam, the Netherlands, Canada, France, Yugoslavia and the U.S.S.R. Corner-

tears slip easily back and forth from English to French. Available observing time is shared: 42.5 per cent each for Canadian and French astronomers, 10 per cent for Americans. Canada's involvement began when government astronomer Maurice Kieffer planned the 11.5-metre Mount Robson near Coquiton, B.C., and the way had to be cleared for a less expensive, shared project.

Despite the intricacy of its high-altitude polar temperatures and glare-driven snow, the Mount Robson site has several large advantages. The oxygen deprivation and lack of cloud cover create ideal conditions for measuring the

brightness of stars. Also useful is the high quality of "seeing," or how degrees to which a star image is blurred by atmospheric distortion. There's no small light pollution from urban buildings, very dry air for optimum infrared observation, plus a low latitude (18° N) which opens up 90 per cent of the sky for scientists to peer into. Says Kieffer: "Considering the quality of the air, and the excellence of the site, the CRV could very well be the most powerful telescope in the world."

He stresses that while CRV may not be the biggest, scope in the world (there's California's Mount Palomar at 16.5 feet, and a Soviet 20-foot giant in

the North Caucasus Mountains, "which doesn't work very well"), it is one of the most modern—fully automated and computerized. A cluster of detectors sensitive, light meters and detectors will probe deep into the outer reaches of space. The broad range of radiation (ultraviolet, infrared and visible light) they can record makes CRV a leader in the new astronomy. Tourists jamming under the beach umbrellas at Waikiki may, quite properly, not care, but CRV's attention to spectacular extragalactic events like supernovae, pulsars, quasars and mysterious black holes may help to redefine our evolutionary theories about the universe. Andrew Scott

Nova Scotia

Getting a wheel in the door

Jerry Lawrence almost didn't make it to his first budget meeting as a member of the Nova Scotia cabinet. "I couldn't get in," he chuckles. The previously-mowed Downs Building has entrance steps and Lawrence, for all his agility in a wheelchair, couldn't get past that barrier. The building now has an access ramp for wheelchairs. After all, Lawrence's portfolio is Public Works.

Lawrence, 46, has been in a wheelchair since contracting polio at the age of 12 and he's getting used to leaving in his physical work facilities for the physical handicapped. He wears ramps at Halifax city hall, where he was an administrator for four years, and the curbs at the city's intersections are gradually being sloped for wheelchairs. Province House, home of the legislature, now boasts a \$120,000 elevator, prime citizens in wheelchairs access for the first time to the floor of the assembly, the public galleries and the legislative library.

This month, the provincial government brought in three new pieces of legislation for the handicapped. One drops the eight-per-cent sales tax on cars and vans for the disabled. Another broadens the Nova Scotia Human Rights Act's definition of discrimination against the handicapped and should help the blind and deaf as well as people in wheelchairs. The third, introduced by Lawrence himself, will require wider pathways in all new government buildings. He hopes those that rule extended eventually to all public buildings, but "we started with apartment buildings to get a wheel in the door." He says providing his colleagues to score him the difference between "no" and "yes" after a few minutes fished me out and down a



Jerry Lawrence on wheels: "We started to get a wheel in the door."

couple of rights to stairs

Lawrence got into civic politics in 1974 after 12 years as the popular "Jer Bear" morning man on Halifax radio station CJBE radio. He says, "I chose politics for a political party." Approached by both Liberals and Tories, he followed his instincts to the Conservatives, won a provincial seat in 1978 and made it into the cabinet last June.

Lawrence first faced discrimination when he finished a radio and TV repair course after high school. "When people saw me coming on crutches or in a wheelchair, job openings were suddenly just filled." He worked up as a public operator at CIBC and five years later

was on the air. He still encounters problems recently, a Montreal taxi driver refused him as a fare because of his wheelchair—something that will be illegal in Nova Scotia once the changes in the Human Rights Act are passed.

Having been the catalyst for change at the municipal and provincial level, does Lawrence have any designs on getting ramps on Parliament Hill? "I've been approached to run federally even before the 1978 provincial election and I probably could have survived up there. But we're just handicapped people," he says of his family, which includes wife Sheila, three sons, two dogs and two cats. "The family has to come first. If they're not everything, you don't last. You have to put everything in its place."

Brian Little

Unto the breach once more, ladies

They're both middle-aged and millennial, big political names who wear their hearts on their sleeves, hearts dropping the beat of Nova politics. Both the Parti Québécois Louise Payette and the Liberals' Sophie Chapelle-Rolland were well-known television personalities for competing networks, before delving down Quebec's quagmire and mysterious black holes to help to redefine our evolutionary theories about the universe. Andrew Scott



Rolland, Payette, middle-aged starman, hearts on their sleeves

politicians believe a full of desire for her sex. Dejected by polls showing protest dissent for the government, she slipped into a romance with the rock supreme mait. Two groups will have released Quebec its liberty-and-phones and women. "Though falling apart for being on the line in the English, she nonetheless credits women with the preservation of French. "It's thanks to women [but] there are still francophones in Quebec. Women had to learn English to work, women maintained French as the language of the home."

Chapelle-Rolland, 39, has a penchant for historical, sophisticated and savvy grooming. Saying yes to the new chemical country being on the Piquette horizon is to

cross with collective recognition: the world of half of our history and mothers in the society of their continuity. But the 40-year-old Chapelle-Rolland is proud as for Canada is not without its old-fashioned with separatist nationalism. Government speakers delight in quoting her 1990 book *Quebec, women and*, in which, after a cross-Canada trip she closely connects between her authors. "Because of this journey I definitely know today that in the present state of our national life, my country is not and never will be Canada. But old-fashioned nationalists and in her latest book, she confesses the status. "I have two loves—my country and Quebec."

So Quebec women have a choice between Payette's independence, akin to motherhood, or Chapelle-Rolland's Confederation, the two-tier is perfect love affair. David Thomas

Dawson City

All that glitters is now gold

Few oldtimers survive to recall the roistering year of '98 when gold rush fever hit the Yukon, and Dawson City was born. It was heralded this "largest city west of Chicago and north of San Francisco" when incorporated in 1902 and, even though the population dwindled from 20,000 to 750 as the creeks were panned clean of gold, Dawson officially remained a city. But even more of the old glitter has faded over the past year as Dawson suffered an unhappy run of bad luck.

A year ago February, the town council disbanded in ceremony after Mayor Vi Campbell failed in a bid to fire her second city manager in 18 months. Then last May, a flood sent six lives crashing through the city, inundating 75 per cent of the dwellings and flouting billions in new Southern. Only 15 days later, Dawson's fire crew failed to warn of another disaster. Residents fled their



Dogpile fire floods, fire packs of dogs, now the hope of glitter

beds for the city's still-muddy streets to watch the CWC Trading Post—the largest of Dawson's two food stores—going up in flames. And it was a close escape for the alibi dance halls and bedrooms which in recent years have been renovated to lure tourist gold to Dawson. Floodwaters had already devastated John Stinson's *J & J Emporium*;

then in the fire she lost \$10,000 worth of goods warehouse in the trading post. "It must be we have bread shoulders," she said stoically as the fire died. "So much has happened." But more was to come.

In November, Mayor Campbell resigned and left for Alberta. A few days later an alarm was shot himself, and for the second time in nine months Dawson was without a civic government. In February the city had to hire a shotgun-armed citizen to bring revving packs of dangerous dogs under control. "The situation was so bad that the only solution left was to go out there and now them down," said City Manager André Carrel. The hired gun—who insisted Dawson keep his identity secret—moved down 22.

Before February ended another fire destroyed a waterfront watering hole called the Downtown Hotel (patrons carried bar stools into the street to watch the blaze) and last week fire crews needed one again. This time it was a warehouse fire which two passers-by put out, and matches and lighter fluid were found nearby.

However, things may at last be looking up for Dawson City. Carrel

noted last week that a new \$6-billion federal centre in the Yukon will be used in part to restore several near historic buildings, among them the territory's original administration building. This week citizens elect a new city council to get local government back on the rails. The really good news, however, is that a phenomenal low-value-making rush is bringing in new money, so taxes, improved by soaring world gold prices, returns to the fabled Klondike. And another sign that things are up to date in Dawson City—its first traffic light has recently been installed, designed to stop rare white kids hurtle into town on their toboggans. **Michael MacLeod**

Saskatchewan

Out of the West rides a maverick

Dick Collier has never been one to shrink from a political challenge. In the weeks running up to the federal election, he was the only person who figured the former Saskatchewan Progressive Conservative leader had embarked on a cause doomed to failure. Just four months after he stepped down as 30 leader, Collier made the break with the past complete when he announced he was going to sit as an independent in the Saskatchewan legislature and expose political union of Western Canada with the United States.

The immediate reaction to Collier's startling decision seemed a mixture of belly laughs and disbelief. Suddenly, Saskatchewan had spawned its own equivalent leader and Collier, 64, made it clear he was serious.

"The decision crystallized in my mind when I heard the results of the federal election," explains Collier, who had been at his winter ranch home in Arizona at the time. "I had thought continued negotiations could work, that it was the political leaders holding us back, but the election proved the people had the problem." The message Collier drew from the way the Liberal campaign in Ontario was an appeal "to keep the wealth in the east," and the Liberal sweep convinced him that all eastwarders would.

It was serious, then as were a lot of other people. Within two days Collier had received close to 200 phone calls from people as far apart as Montreal and Victoria, the majority backing him on western secession with the U.S. But with his startling move the man, who virtually alone, resurrected a near Conservative party holding an insignificant two per cent of the popular vote to official Opposition status is five

years seemed to have put himself back to square one. Collier had wielded the Conservatives into a threat to the mighty NDP, bunning the Liberals from the electoral map on the way to 17 seats in the 1978 election. But as the Conservative cause rose so did Collier's personal stock. In the year preceding the last election he became entangled in several lawsuits. First he took action against his former business partners over division of property and so soon after that been settled out of court than he found a suit from Crown-owned Saskatchewan Government Insurance. The most bizarre event came last November when he was charged with improper use and storage of an unregistered restricted weapon. He was fined \$500, had a .357 magnum sub-compact revolver confiscated and, when he left soon after to winter in Arizona, many thought his final act would be to resign his NDP seat.

Last Tuesday, two days after he arrived back in Regina for the spring session, Collier called a press conference for what political observers assumed would be his resignation from the assembly. Instead, he outlined his new political vision of an Americanized Western Canada. "I look at it this way,"



Collier: the reaction seemed a mixture of belly laughs, and amazement.

he theorizes. "According to the Canada West Foundation, I represent only four per cent of opinion in Western Canada. That is exactly double what I had in 1978 when I took over the Conservatives." No wonder some people feel uneasy. **Dale Elder**



Cutting out the meter man

Electricity consumers of Prince Edward Island who fret the standard utility take a too big bite are looking ways to take back—some big. Islanders pay more for power than anyone else in Canada—and they can jump electricity bills to increase by 11 per cent this year—largely because Atlantic region generating plants are fuelled by OPEC oil. Vancouver Island consumers pay \$25 per 1,000 kilowatt hours, the same

usage in Charlotte Harbor costs \$60. As a result, some individuals, even companies, have become meter chiselers: a relatively recent development in P.E.I. Throughout North America, it has been estimated, between \$3 billion and \$4 billion are drawn off annually by so-called "current diverters" or "jacks" squanders. In P.E.I., General Manager John Reynolds of Western Electric tips the loss at \$300,000 a year. He believes the company's high electricity rates "foster some people to think we are the biggest ripoff in the world. They're putting the theft off our current. But the loss is eventually paid on to our paying customers at even higher utility bills."

Robert Gammie, an Opposition Liberal M.L.A., recently raised the issue in the legislature, as he believes the provincial department of justice should be more aggressive in prosecuting the crime. Some time ago a men was convicted for stealing electricity, fined and ordered to make restitution. Another case is before the courts. Reynolds worries that publicly may only encourage more meter chiselers and warns that utility companies are becoming more sophisticated "in determining what somebody is doing something wrong." Even if they don't get caught, he adds, power thieves are at it for their "Now that most meters are hooked on outside building walls, it's only a matter of a few centimeters stretchers in and out and you're in a snafu." **Michael MacLeod**

John Ramsey

World

Israel at odds with the world



By David North

The teen, sitting for a number of one of the world's leading banking families, was restrained but firm. The French Jewish community (500,000) in a population of 50 million, and Barak Alon de Rothschild, vowed with "growing concern" the president of the Republic's endorsement of Palestinian self-determination. And a few days later when President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing on his tour of the Middle East showed no signs of heeding the warning: "The organized Jewish community in France reluctantly affirms its resolute opposition to the policy defined by the president."

Across the Atlantic, New York's Jewish Mayor Edward Koch, just back from Poling, was a good deal blunter. City meeting on the United States' Security Council vote condemning Israel's settlement policy in the occupied territories, he charged that President Jimmy Carter was succumbing by a "gang of five," including Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, who were working against Israel. Unless Carter changed their tune, said Koch, his hopes of re-election in November would be seriously impaired.

This brought a staccato, vigorous rebuff from the chief targets—Vance and the United States—summarized by the UN Donald McHenry, their anger heightened by the strenuous politician's arm-twisting.



New Israeli high rises in New Yaccov (top right) and Givat Shimon with Shaleh, Amos at Sabah at Kuwait. Triumphal journey.

But the countervailing warmly endorsed the fact that Jewish community leaders the world over, in say visiting of Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin and his cabinet in Jerusalem, were warmly won by what was seen as the growing isolation of Israel from the Western countries or when it seemed could count for instant support.

No two events in recent times have made that isolation clearer than the



United States' action (Carter's extraordinarily unconvincing about-face notwithstanding) in the Security Council against the Begin government's settlement policy—continued last week in the teeth of current condemnation with the announcement of further expansions in the New Yaccov and French Hill districts of Jerusalem—and Giscard's Middle East odyssey.

In Arab capital after Arab capital, in fervent applause, France's president announced his conversion to the principle of Palestinian self-determination and the province of the PLO at peace negotiations. Israeli fears that he was reaching only a step ahead of his European Community partners were heightened at midnight when it was announced that he and West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt would be working on a new Middle East policy declaration at a weekend meeting in Hamburg. And Jewish outrage was complete when Austrian Chancellor Bruno Kreisky—who last summer set an showdown (in Israel) precedent by becoming the first Western head of state to receive PLO leader Yasser Arafat—followed up by granting official status to the PLO's man in Vienna.

As the embattled Begin government—staffed facing the possible defection of Interior Minister Josef Burg and his National Religious Party over the worsening economic situation—sharply sought an explanation, the heads of the Jewish communities in the nine to member states hastily scheduled a Sunday meeting in London. On the agenda, concerted action against any European attempt to create a Palestinian state with the help of the PLO. Given the

wealth and standing of some of the detainees, such as the Rothschilds, that pressure could be considerable.

While these events dramatized Israel's isolated situation, however, they were merely steps in a historical progression in which, from the Israeli point of view at least, the key date is Oct. 30, 1973. That was the day the first Arab states declared their oil embargo and, overnight, slammed the brakes on the West's bonanza as well as its automobiles. From that point on, the argument runs, with the Saudis oil sagrains calling the tune behind the scenes, Israel's longtime allies have been manacled into the opposing camp, with the palling (seen from Tel Aviv) addendum that they don't even seem to have struggled very hard against their fate.

Certainly Giscard's triangular progression toward the Middle East did nothing to disprove new Israeli Foreign Minister Yitzhak Shamir's bitter comment that "agony in the West believe they must win the hearts of the Arabs"—is the cause of energy scarcity, at course. It placed some irony from the Middle East, with preferential oil-gas agreements signed by Kuwait, a guarantee of all the oil France needs from the United Arab Emirates and a long-

seed war in the Sudan. They are helping European countries will be oil-free for nothing less.

If concern about future oil supplies is a factor, perhaps the major factor, is the West's change of heart toward the Palestinians, if it is by no means the only one. President Jimmy Carter's 1977 journey to Jerusalem was a watershed in Western perceptions. Suddenly, public opinion was confronted with a "human" Arab stereotype to set against the inhuman figure, the well-behaved destroyer of Israel, built up by Israeli propaganda and by Jewish organizations abroad.

At the same time perceptions of Israel were altering. The swathing victories of Israeli armies—despite the narrow squeak in 1973—were surely counteracted by the image of a tiny nation beleaguered by threatening neighbors and by the teeth with Soviet weapons. And the 1976 invasion of southern Lebanon, on a scale out of all proportion to the atrocity* that it was supposed to punish, further undermined the image.

*On Dec. 12, 1977, at Tel Aviv, guerrillas led by the Israeli settler, assassinated a street bus and took three captives including 10 children on a risk of losing their lives before the Tel Aviv. The Arab hit men guerrillas and 12 Israeli soldiers, 76 wounded.



In contrast to those on the Israeli side of the balance, where all was sweet reason and humanistic concern, correspondents in Lebanon were scolding back reports of indiscriminate shelling and cluster-bombing of Lebanese villages, Israeli soldiers as a shooting spree mowing down Arab sheep and other less-than-fighting events.

It did nothing to help the Israelis' case in liberal circles either that they were forced to be closely involved with



Arab with Knefel and Willy Brandt in Vienna (top), and Shimon Peres (right)

a series of South American military dictatorships and the white South African government in areas close to the mysterious explosion in the South Atlantic mentioned by a U.S. satellite last year is now thought to have been an Israeli nuclear bomb.

But even the staunchest Israeli supporter has had difficulty explaining the successive policy of colonization of the occupied territories of the West Bank and Golan Strip served by the Begin government. Several times the Egyptian-Israeli peace negotiations have nearly foundered on the issue, most notably immediately after the Camp David settlement, and last week's announcement of the expropriation of a further 1,000 acres came as one more slap in the face, as U.S. and Egyptian anger showed.

In Israel itself the decision caused panic as well as outrage problems. While the professional responsible for Israeli public relations were in despair, the town planners were complaining that the government had consistently denied them funds for essential development but was now going to spend millions of dollars compensating landowners to build houses the treasury could not afford and which no one wanted because the recent sagging had depressed the housing market.

Of all the disapprovals now clouding the outside world's relations with Israel, it is perhaps that of the United States which is hardest for the Israelis to bear—and not just because Uncle Sam's arms and economic aid in the past five years has totalled an incredible \$11.76 billion. From May 14, 1948, when President Harry Truman recognized the fledgling state, only 12 minutes after the British mandate ended, the Israelis have been able to count on American administration as well as their backs. Perhaps the high price was reached after the Six Day War, in 1967, when small boys stood on the street corners in New York City with cans as collecting vessels for Israeli wine in the coffee shops and on the subway was argued knowledgeably who was the better general: Yigal Allon or Moshe Dayan. Dayan's eyepatch became a symbol of macho, the world over, and he, Allon and Golda Meir made regular triumphant tours of the U.S.

But already the seeds of disillusionment had been sown. The crushing defeat wounded Arab pride as deeply as to convert Palestinian moderates into terrorists, feeding Arab animosity and to make the Yom Kippur War of 1973 a certainty. And that war was an rude awakening for Americans as it was for

An Arab recipe for peace

One of Israel's intelligence are not the only factors in the swing in Western public opinion toward the Palestinians crisis. A major influence has been the improvement in the Arab position at Damascus in an effort in which the Arab League which co-ordinates the policies of Arab governments, has played a leading role. Chedid Kfir, the league's secretary-general, who expects to visit Giscard shortly to renew contact with Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, talked last week in Tunis to Maclean's correspondent David Bard about recent developments on the Palestine issue and the Soviet mission at Algiers.

Maclean's: What results do you hope for following President Giscard's visit to a recognition of the Palestinian people's right to self-determination?

Kfir: The French position is important because it is coherent and because it clearly merits the approval of all the countries. We look to the U.S. to promote a just and lasting settlement of the Middle East problem because of its relations with Israel and with the United States and because of its political and moral authority at the United Nations. Peace can only come if it is founded on justice, that is the recognition of the rights of the Palestinian people. So



Kfir: looking to Europe for support

peace in the Middle East depends on Palestinian independence.

Maclean's: Israeli public opinion is said to favor peace but fears for its security. How can Israel's and Palestinian aspirations be reconciled?

Kfir: Israel is locked in the old dilemma security through arms or security through peace. It still favors the preferred security through arms, provided that on the Palestinian side there is the refusal of the legitimate rights of the Palestinian people. That Israel lives in a constantly hostile environment. The most realistic choice Israel can make is to live in as transparent a situation as possible. And that is only possible if the Palestinians recognize their rights and Israel renounces its moral and colonialist character.

Maclean's: How do you interpret the U.S. vote in the UN calling for Israel to withdraw from the occupied territories and President Carter's subsequent backdown?

Kfir: The important point is that the U.S. is refusing more and more that it must adopt different positions. The evolution is marked by many reversings. But it is certain. After the elections President Carter will be stronger and will be able to affirm an Arab policy that is clearer.

Maclean's: How do you view the Soviet mission in Algiers?

Kfir: One cannot be in awe of any intervention in any country. As for Algiers, which is a Muslim country, we can only be more sensitive to the events occurring there. We do not want international political considerations to be granted on local or regional problems ignoring them or overlooking them according to the interests of the involved. We have therefore declared an independent Arab policy taking into consideration Arab interests. In this connection it must be stated that the Soviet Union is one of the few great powers to lend constant—though insufficient—support for the Arabs, most important power in the Palestinian question.

Maclean's: Should U.S. forces have been sent to the Persian Gulf?

Kfir: The people of the Gulf have said they had no need of foreign forces to defend them. Their position is very clear. **Maclean's:** But wasn't a threat sent to the Arab states from the Gulf?

Kfir: If there were a threat, the Gulf states would have declared it.

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the Israeli. For the first time in a decade, non-Jews were publicly saying moderately critical things about the Israeli and some even blamed the Arab oil embargo on them. The reaction, in the American Jewish community, was a "siege" mentality which verged, in the words of one American Jew, on paranoia. Understandably, it takes little to stir fears of anti-Semitism and, exposing the worst, Jewish leaders redoubled lobbying efforts against almost every compromise with the Arab world.

increasingly, however, as Israel's Kissinger skillfully led and from memory of a Bush administration—and it would not seem that he thought the Israelis were not being as cooperative as they might be—the going got tougher. President Gerald Ford's "management" of U.S. policy toward Israel brought an outcry from 26 pro-Israeli senators and to get the Sinai agreement the U.S. was forced to give unprecedented security guarantees to Israel. But if the public on the whole was as pro as ever, a new tone had been set in officialdom—a tone which was incensed to emerge like the Egyptian maul, a propaganda as well as a military masterpiece. Subsequent events have merely reinforced the trend.

"We haven't really changed our policies," said a Jewish state department official last week, defending the Security Council vote. "But the Israelis have become really irresponsible. They're getting worse all the time and it's very hard to argue with them. When you are talking to a person whose family was killed at Auschwitz, how do you convince them that what they are doing is crazy?" When did all the crimminals start? "Well," said the official, "they've never been crazy, but since this Begin road came in they've been absolutely nuts—[Yiddish for "crazy"] But let's not forget Begin was elected, right?"

Not everyone in the U.S., by any means, agrees that Israel is putting itself beyond the pale. Says former US ambassador and Supreme Court Justice Arthur Goldberg: "It's the conventional wisdom to say that Israel is losing support. That's what officers want to hear this year, but I don't think it's true. America needs staunch allies and the public will not desert Israel." Not once.

Koch at the Great Wall
a 'Song of Flys'

Americans are coming to believe, with former undersecretary of state George Ball, that "over the last 50 years [U.S.-Israel] relations have evolved to the point where they encourage Israeli positions and actions that cannot be in the long-range interests of Israel itself." The situation, says Ball, amounts to a state of crisis.

That is a view with which Israelis last week would have agreed wholeheartedly. The feeling was that the United States vote in the Security Council betrayed not only its friendship for the Jewish state, but its support for the Camp David accord, going far beyond the administration's well-known opposition to Jewish settlement.

To that extent Begin's condemnation of Carter spoke for Israelis of every political hue, as have his comparisons of West European support for Palestinian self-determination to the 1938 Munich agreement with Hitler. There are voices which acknowledge that self-determination can hardly be denied six decades after Woodrow Wilson, but few Israelis believe Arafat will ever accept the other half of the bargain and recognize Israel's right to exist within secure borders. As Shimon Peres, the Labor opposition leader, put it, "We are ready to make sacrifices for peace, but not to be sacrificed."

Nonetheless, the increasing sense of isolation has forced Israelis to reassess their government's performance and its settlement policies in particular. It was no accident that Begin failed to win Labor support for an all-party motion attacking the Americans' Security Council vote. The Opposition agreed that the U.S. had stabbed Israel in the back, but Peres made a sharp distinction between the policies of Begin's Likud and those of Labor in the occupied territories. Labor wanted settlements only where they

tilified security need. It was against settlements in heavily populated Arab areas, which is precisely where the Begin government has built them. The distinction is significant, but not necessarily conclusive. Labor has always said that it favors territorial compromise for peace. The trouble is that no Arab, not even Jordan's King Hussein, can or will buy that agreement. "There is not making the right signals," said a Jordanian official in Amman recently.

The realism of Robert Mugabe

Before he was swept to power in Zimbabwe at the beginning of the month, Robert Mugabe and everyone in his cabinet thought while Zimbabwe was the British not other Western governments refused the proposal that the former Rhodesian guerrilla leader, who—as people never tired of pointing out—was a “self-confessed Marxist,” might achieve power. Since his election victory, however, Mugabe has revealed another side of himself—and his plans for his country—as he makes clear in his interview with *Newsweek*. Africa Bureau Chief Robin Wright

Maclean's: What will be your first priorities as prime minister?

Message: A major emphasis will be on assisting the land and resettling the displaced people and refugees whose lives have been destroyed by the war. We must proceed with speed to acquire land for resettlement. Refugees will be offered the opportunity to form new collectives and co-operatives, based on several times going together with government advice and assistance in growing marketable crops. Education and health are also top priorities. To re-establish rural schools and clinics that were closed because of the war. These are also the areas that have been promised immediate aid from several countries.

Mugabe: No, not yet. We have had promises of aid from the United States, Sweden, Holland, the United Kingdom and the EC. But we are hopeful of aid from the Soviet bloc countries.

MacLellan's: Yes, in light of your politics, on I'd like to assume that you will have stronger relationships with the Eastern bloc, which provided support during the war, than with those countries in the West that did not help?

Mugabe: Not really. Yes we have had an alliance with Yugoslavia, Romania and China, long-standing friends. But it will be our policy to remain unaligned. We will not be

The U.S. note also stiffened the resolve of the less dovish ministers in Begin's cabinet, who fended off a hasty decision on resettling Jews in the centre of Hebron, the second biggest West Bank Arab town, although they were discomfited on the Jerusalem land appropriation. The fight was led by Defence Minister Ezer Weizman, who backed his colleagues by asserting that the world is sick and tired of Israel and by his complaint that the opportunity for forging a new, healthier country, presented by the Sadat peace initiative, was being frittered away.

One of the instructive divisions in Israeli politics is between those like Re-

Maclean: "You have described yourself as a Marxist and recently said 'Socialist philosophy is my religion now.' Yet your latest statements indicate a new moderation. Has your perspective changed?"

Magyar: I even changed! I will be less a socialist society in Zimbabwe in every sense of the word! But you yourself describe us as just a Market. We have derived certain principles from Market philosophy: others from Christianity and still others from our traditional background. There is a blend though all these common law, common belonging and common ownership, the idea of selflessness and the principle of avoiding exploitation.

Maclean's: Does your concept of a socialist state mean only one party?

Mugabe: As you saw from the decision of the people, it is virtually only one party, the Patriotic Front, that is in power. The rest of

Magister to forgive and, perhaps, forget.



The parties have been rejected, so we have a anti-party state already. If we had just one party by decision of the people, that to me would be preferable. But it is something we cannot impose on the people.

Maclean's: This work you encouraged for right-liberals, yet that seems incongruous in light of your desire for a supplied state.

Mr. Gable: The present state forces us to accept the numbers of our country and one of the most important matters is that we have a capitalistic system here which forces an investment. To refuse if we must accept the phenomenon of investment. But once if we become a socialist state, then we will still accept investment. Why not? We can ask a multinational to undertake a definite enterprise in the general interest of our population. Russia has done it. China is doing it now. No reason we can't do the same.

Marianne's. You won an overwhelming victory on the promise of change. How seriously will you change the back room a life?

Mugabe: The first thing I must take into account is that our society has rested on social principles in the past. Rural had been divided on the basis of black and white. Education similarly. Now we have to erase that racial basis of society completely. Pip will be on the basis of merit, skills, and not color.

Maclean's: And how will the white man's life be affected by these changes?

Mugabi: Africa will be reconstructed to the extent that they had been destroyed by racism. But we do not want to drive the whites away, we need their skills. So we are accepting the realities of the situation. At Lancaster House [in the London peace talks] we accepted the principle of reconciliation: that we must forgive and perhaps forget. We had to give for what we took, and others too will now have to give and take. Racism demands that you do not give up against what you feel is excellence, but build upon it.

Marshall: What will your attitude be toward other African liberation movements, particularly the African National Congress (ANC) of South Africa?

Mugabe: Under the Organization of African Unity (OAU), we established a brotherhood with all liberation movements, including the F.L.C. and Polisario. We will continue that alliance and support. They ceased. But we cannot make their fight our fight. It is not our responsibility to take up arms for or with them.

produce a permanent peace

Respect for the Arab neighbors, as above all the PM, runs too deep and so it must be said, does the conviction that a strong Israel has no need to compromise. Meanwhile, as the respected Christian Science Monitor editorialized last week, Carter's "lame disavowal of America's Security Council veto does not conceal a damning toleration of Israeli transgressions." In other words, until something changes, the leaders of Israel will continue.

With files from Rita Christopher in New York, Marej McDonald in Paris, Eric Silver in Jerusalem and Ian Ureghart in Washington.

**Blessed be
the name of
the Ford**

The Ford Motor Company won a classic victory for big business late last week when it was acquitted of reckless homicide in the celebrated Pinto trial. As a member of the prosecution team before the tiny panel court in Winamac, Indiana, he said with a trace of hyperbole: "The giant killed Jack without much trouble." He might have added, but didn't, that the giant also had the gall to grin.

In essence, Ford was accused of making



Next, the giant had the gall to smile

ing and using the compact Pinto knowing that its machine tank might explode in a rear-end collision. This particular case—the first time a huge corporation had ever been called to answer for its products in a criminal court—centered around a crash in which three teen-agers were burned to death after their Pinto was hit from behind. Had Ford been found guilty, the impact on the ethics and morals of North America's boardrooms might have been profound. Now, despite threats of appeal by the prosecution, it's generally felt as Wall Street that business is "safe" again.

After the verdict, many who had not followed the case in detail were mystified. When the trial opened more than two months ago, the state's legal team—with a budget of \$30,000, a part-time prosecutor and volunteer help from law professors and their students—looked evidence that appeared



The jury: a mass of evidence ambushed

absolutely damning to Ford. In the event, however, the mass of evidence was never brought before the jury. White-supremacist J. Edgar Hoover, 40, ruled the case against its admissibility. Only about a dozen of more than 200 documents, many of them subpoenaed from the automaker's files, were allowed to be introduced. Later, for technical and procedural reasons, the judge prevented major prosecution witnesses from testifying.

One of them was Frank Camo, a retired engineer who used to work on Ford's crash test program. With the

jury out of the room he said that Ford employees were told to "do whatever was necessary" to enable test vehicles to pass certification tests. But Stafford ruled that Camo's evidence should have been introduced earlier by the prosecution. Ford pulled out every legal stop. To head their defense they hired Donald Watergate prosecutor James Neal. As predicted as the judge's oak bench, as authoritative as the \$1-million fee he was reported to be charging, Neal outma-

nuevated and frustrated the prosecution at every turn and won the court with his national reputation.

In a most unusual move, the jury held a press conference to justify its verdict. Foreman Arthur Selmer, 41, a retired farmer, said that although some juror members thought the Pinto was a "reckless auto," there wasn't enough evidence to convict Raymond Raytheon, 41, a steelworker and the only Pinto owner on the jury, and he planned to go to jail for his car. And James Vergilio, 35, a welder, admitted that he was the final holdout who wanted to convict Ford. Why did he give in? "I couldn't have lived with a hung jury if my being the only dissenter caused it. I'm going to have some difficulty living with the decision anyway."

In Dearborn, Michigan, Ford's directors stood and cheered the verdict. A smiling Henry Ford III announced: "Everybody thinks that it's great good news." But he did not speak for all. Back in the courtroom, Indiana state trooper Neil Graves, the first to reach the flaming Pinto with the three trapped teenagers, put his head in his hands. Softly, quietly, he sat and wept as the jury filed out past him.

William Lowther

Three into two won't go

I read at the meetings of a cheap paperback thriller, a mass-market edition of a long dark tale in a post New York City suburb. A lesbian lover and a murdered neighbor. The victim, a colorful Herman Tarnower, author of the best-selling *The Complete Scoundrel*. Richard Dorf was found on the second floor of his bungalow hours last week bleeding from suffer wounds. He died on four legs in his bathroom. Outside, pained associates, Jane Harris, headmistress of an exclusive Washington girls' school, easily told police, "There's been a shooting and handed over a 30-caliber Remington-Union receiver. She was charged with murder.

Washington tongue wagged about the pen 55-year-old schoolmate and New York tabloid editors wrote headlines screaming 3,000,000 KILLER! Tarnower, the blonde divorcee helped Tarnower to search his book and had been a frequent weekend guest of the Tarnower old for 14 years. But the woman could three years ago when Harris moved from New York to run the Modern School, a rambling book building overlooking the Potomac. Peter Thanecker

Tarnower is confirmed bachelor at 62, was once, carrying in New York with his wife.

Harris in custody, and Tarnower (right), confining with a blonde in New York.



could blonde 40-year-old male

Harris' lawyer Joel Aron, offered a letter "no comment" when asked about her client's strange link with Tarnower and said she would plead self-defense in the murder charge. Tarnower's housekeeper told police she heard a struggle before the parolite ring out and, when Harris was freed of the local jail, his look and arms were covered with bruises.

The provoking accident, Joseph H. Hickey, did not buy the self-defense plea and asked the judge to deny said, saying that Harris had arrived unannounced at the Tarnower house, slipped in through an unlocked door and died bloodily still the doctor's eyes. But there was no legal basis and he was fined \$40,000.

The shooting had struck across from the Madison grade school which has graduated the Mrs. of The Washington Post Chairman Katharine Graham. School officials hardly denied a letter to named Harris telling her of the "facts, events involving the case" and warning that that Mother's will survive.

Former students and teachers saw Harris as a strict but respected administrator rather than a pious first capable of a passion saying. She lectured the students on etiquette and had learned English of course when she discovered girls entering the grounds. Said one student: "She was very strict. Even the little things seemed to get her at."

Phyllis Bourgeois

Sports

By Roy MacGregor

Before it is over, the death toll will reach 10. But on this, the first of 10 days of California downpour, the rain is but a small annoyance, lightly chattering on the silver-shaped pool. A dark, shabby man with the build of a Cuban vault stands under the eaves of his \$400,000 home and awaits the news of the most lingering over his neighbor's car. He stops talking, grabs his head and bends over double, the stream turning the 16-stitch oak over his left eye into a black caterpillar. Yet, at an earlier hour, his weather that bothers Marcel Dionne, it is the future "I have gotten thick positive," he says in a biting voice "Post-it."

For four hours he has not working over a few cans of Gator and the post. He has looked on the sacrifice: the marriage breakup his parents once faked, the baby his Aunt Denise lost—all tied to the young Marcel's hockey. He has traced himself from Quebec's Beauportville through Ontario's St. Catharines, from Detroit to Los Angeles, one running from his own demanding family, one from his own demanding family. In fact, he has spoken of Gator Laferre. First, the boy and now the man, and when, boy and man, Dionne has "been chasing since he was 10 years old," in the words of his own best friend, Mickey Edmund. Only this past weekend, with Dionne a distant 16 points ahead of Montreal's Laferre in the National Hockey League scoring race, has that 16-year chase seemed over. And with that accomplishment, now come another with agent Alan Edelman demanding a \$600,000-per-year contract from the Los Angeles Kings. Marcel Dionne is about to become the best-paid performer in the sport's history. Either that or Marcel Dionne, ever caught on the far side of his promise, will move on yet again. Perhaps to Switzerland, where the offers are already being made.

It is all too much to expect at once. Dionne changes the subject by pointing across the private road toward a neighbor's yard where another equestrian, an Australian newspaper, leans wearily over the drive lane. "I hate these trees, you know," he says. "They've got no roots, nothing to hold them up."

North on Crenshaw Boulevard, up and just off the San Diego Freeway, Jerry Ross walks his fingers around the rim of a second ring and Coke. Ross's jeans, Texas boots and open-necked flannel shirt say nothing of the more than \$300 million he has grown from the \$83.33 a month he and a friend each

KING OF THE KINGS



Dionne: worth whatever he can get

been setting aside in the summer of 1958. A year ago, perhaps sensing that the accident thing about real estate was his rising profit curve, Ross masterminded a \$67-million deal to buy the Los Angeles Kings hockey team, the Lakers basketball team, the Los Angeles Forum and a 15,000-acre ranch from California-Canadian Jack Kent Cooke. And so, on May 28, 1978, at the age of 46, Ross capped an American dream, which began in Wyoming as the son of a divorced waitress, by driving to pick up the keys to the Forum in a Rolls-Royce Phantom.

This particular Jerry Ross night, the

most others, has his visible surroundings—now friend Gordon Lightfoot in to share a drink, a satin-eyed, rumpled redneck willing to go home with him—but Ross is a man whose confidence needs few external trappings. "If you can learn medicine in four years," he says in a soft, easy voice, "you should be able to learn soccer in four years." Shouting across the joys of indulgence, Jerry Ross does not believe in denial. For his sweet tooth he has stacked his office with jelly beans and lollipops. For his ego he has filled a large, black picture album with sports photographs of himself. He knows. For his ambition he has locked into a vision of the Stanley Cup. And though he may tower over his star by six inches, he has come to recognize that this particular dream lies more within the reach of Marcel Dionne than himself.

"Look," he says, tapping a cigarette light, "you either subscribe to the crazy world we live in or you don't. I do. I have seen people get up on a stage, shake their feet, and get \$500,000 a week. If you can't see people to see you, you then I don't think we should interfere with that process. So Marcel Dionne is worth whatever he can get from me."

"In what sport?" the L.A. Los Angeles sports reporter asks in a lead-in to his next report. "In the Stanley Cup, symbol of all-over supremacy." Cut to commercial while bad-luck listeners throughout the state wait over the possibilities. "African exploration?" "Cut to manufacturing?" "making love to Mrs. Ross?" "The moment," the sports reporter shouts incredulously in return, "is moment!"

In then city we cross crushed for newspapers it is a sports city that battles over the Rams and Dodgers and Lakers eating around, not the Kings standing 10th, a city where a Marcel Dionne—who came for money and escape more than hockey potential—is lost among the Garveys and Jethrums, who in turn line out to Paul Newman's drive and to Charles Oatman's losses. "You couldn't get recognized here if you were Bobby Orr," says actor Larry D. Mann, a Canadian who attends at the Kings' home games.

"Have something good tonight," the Forum's American Sated Patronizer shouts as he mounts the stairs during a ladies' King's game against the Washington Capitals. "At least tonight isn't so hard to swallow as this!" Down on the ice Marcel Dionne is doing what comes naturally—"Gaining weight, the puck," his first mate Charlie Oatman cries. But to be real, the delicate, perfect artist is to a de-

breemen who simply cannot complete the obvious *A. Trudis* along and Diener states off the ice, thinking to himself that he later put into words "What do we have? he asks in his living room "You see what we have. It's inevitable."

But that is the team, not Marcel Diener. His is a career poorly served by mere statistics. When he was awarded the Lester B. Pearson trophy last year as hockey's most valuable player, the significance was that this award, in voted on by peers, not sportswriters. And it may reflect his outspokenness and daring as much as his ability. Still, for most of this season the talk has been about Los Angeles' Triple Crown line

being down as Aspirin tablets because with him around Cooke and the Kings are going to need plenty of them."

But now it is 1980 and the game of hockey is beginning to emerge from a prolonged mid-life crisis. In the year since the North American game discovered it could no longer get it up for the Soviets, whose between the 1964 and the World Hockey Association has come about and the golden boom is showing signs of falling back in order. Though 19 of the new league's 21 teams are projected to lose money this year,

attendance is up five per cent thanks to sellout crowds in such new NHL cities as Edmonton. Because of the Soviet example, the guerrilla hockey of the 1970s may be forced to switch to a creative hockey for the '80s. And as for the sport's main bogabo, violence, an outcry against it is just now beginning to come from a few of the truly talented players, led by Marcel Diener and echoed by the likes of Guy Lafleur, Phil Esposito and Mike Bossy.

"If I had my



Diener in L.A. office: "I'm a quick study"

of Diener, Bossy and Dave Taylor. But for mid-season knee injuries to Bossy and Taylor the Diener-led line probably would have become the highest scoring line in hockey's history. Even so, Diener's 126 points with nine games remaining may have established him as the premier player of the game. Diener even brags he could score 200 points if only he played for a decent team, but he also claims, unconvincingly, that this is not what matters most to him. "It's always saying how glorious those awards are, the trophies, the all-star teams," says Dave Taylor. "But I'd bet on him wanting to win it badly."

Victory, should it come, would finally stop its nearly two decades of teasing. In 1971, their first year as professionals, Lafleur was drafted first, Diener second, and Diener's phenomenal first year (a record 77 points compared to Lafleur's meagre 54) was scored when Montreal goaltender Ken Dryden won rookie of the year honors. Until this year, Marcel Diener was known for his single first—the five-year, \$1.5 million contract he signed with Los Angeles in June of 1975.

"Marcel Diener can be our Moses," Jack Kent Cooke announced on that occasion. "Marcel Diener is no Moses," retorted Ned Harbeson, the Detroit Red Wings manager. A year later Diener "The only tablets he should



Diener with Kings (top), as boy wonder, with St. Catharines 1970 traktor?

way," says Diener, who now serves as vice-president of the NHL Players' Association, "we would have a full debate on violence."

But Jerry Bass is naturally less concerned with the violence than he is with financial loss. "Other people think in words," he likes to say. "I think in numbers." That being so, he might well consider the following points. His Kings will lose him \$500,000 this year, attendance at the Forum hockey games has declined steadily since Diener's arrival five years ago, and Diener is currently looking for a new five-year contract in the area of \$3 million.

But J.B., as he likes to be called, is hardly a fool. He does, after all, have a

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PHD in physical chemistry and has a lot of fun in to play Masochism from masochism. If he heard Team Canada's Dr. Derek MacKenzie say that, over the past few years, "Marcel Dionne has been a heart and soul of the teams we have sent to Europe," Bann would acknowledge that this is also true of Dionne in Los Angeles, where his popularity and respect have finally risen to match his ability. The headlines have not come from Dionne, as Barkhouse predicted, but from those who are supposed to help him. Bann would also acknowledge the truth of what Marcel Dionne has to say about his own team, though he would be well advised to grit his teeth while hissing.

"I can't do everything," Dionne said one afternoon. "My hockey's suffering. When you have a lot of people who are inferior and they don't think like you do, then a lot of people suffer. They look for leadership but it isn't going to come, because there's not enough people to back it up." Barkhouse has now revealed that in a move four years. "I'm a quick study," he says. His remarkable road escape success was not by accident, but the result of careful computer programming applied in property and land. Having at one time mathematically determined how many footcandles would wear out a carpet, he may be on the verge of discovering how many head fakes will bring him the Stanley Cup.

Should Bann have any thoughts about replacing Marcel Dionne in an equation, however, it may as well forget them. Marcel Dionne is not merely a hockey player, but also an idea, one that was originally created by a huge family back in Drummondville, and is protected and protected by that family even today. What computer could measure the grey wisdom of a team whose at 59 1/2th Avenue, 17th Avenue in the front, the large bushes behind packed with many of his 12 acres, with a personal coach of advice for Le phi Maroon? And what of those late Saturday evenings, the big men sitting seriously, their legs crossed in empty "Coca-Cola" Molson's bottles, the sound of sliding skates rising up toward the boy's bedrooms where he lay awake knowing that in the morning he would have the price of a new hockey stick? How could a computer be fed the letter from Les Claude that arrived there when Maroon was barely in teenage hockey, telling his parents to take special care of him because Senator Melrose and the opposition were watching? Or how Marcel would skate about the rink after a victory, the fans reaching down to touch him, and then when he would be soiled and soiled his stuffed in his gloves?

And who but Marcel Dionne himself will ever understand why he not once dared to dream of playing in the NHL,



With wife, Claude, and daughter, Lisa, Dionne's L.A. home: money and escape

knowing that dream would be ridiculed each time he had trouble reaching over the boards to sign autographs, or when his smiles whispered in the kitchen, thinking him asleep? He was too small. It made the pressure even worse. "Hockey, hockey, hockey, hockey," he says, his voice dropping to a tense whisper. "I was going solo."

When leaving St. Catharines Black Hawks would him at 17, he jumped from the Quebec to the Ontario junior league. And when outraged home-town fans threatened court action—to keep him where he belongs—his parents, on a lawyer's advice, fabricated a plot to make it seem as if they were separating like mother, Laurette, brother and three sisters ended up in totally foreign St. Catharines, expenses to be met by the delighted new team.

He claims that his moment of truth he began patting on weight, his playing blossomed and after four months his mother and sisters returned to the icy arenas of Drummondville. The darling of Drummondville became the darling of St. Catharines, spotted and worshipped. Two successive junior scoring titles followed, climaxing in 1973 when St. Catharines met Quebec Remparts to decide the best junior team in Canada. More accurately, the best junior player in Canada, for Quebec's star was none other than his old nemesis, Guy Lafleur. Slightly, the series turned to such violence—Dionne was stamped as a "truster" in the Quebec press, his family had garbage thrown at them and his Aunt Doris miscarried shortly after a near

riot in Quebec—that St. Catharines refused to complete the series and Quebec was by default.

Boredom, this was not to be Marcel Dionne's lot. He was billed as "the next Gordie Howe" from the moment he arrived in Detroit, but his four years there are remembered more for the tears and anger and open fights with management than they are for his hockey. Dionne was advised not to dress that night for a game against Minnesota, but he refused, sitting sobbing as he dressed and then, finally, standing up, in a cranking voice, telling his team-mates "I'm sorry I got confused. I make mistakes." Then he went out and scored two goals, leading the team to victory.

Leaving Detroit was less a problem than where to go. Montreal wanted him. And Toronto "You bring that young man out here," Edmeister's Wild Bill Hunter told Eschwege associate Bill Walters, "and we'll put his name on the Denver plate. Alberta—home of Marcel Dionne." Los Angeles, however, offered both the best money and the farthest escape. "It was the easiest way to go," Dionne says. With the acousticians trailing him—"He can rip a team apart," Johnny Wilson, one former coach offered—he came to a team that had just hit its best season, standing fourth overall, and was offering defensive, disciplined hockey under coach Bobby Pelford. He was suspect from the

beginning. Pelford hadn't even been told about Cooke's deal and was so distraught at first sight of his stocky little star that he assigned him immediately to the team's "First Squad," forced him to skate extra laps at practice with plastic wheels wrapped around his swollen stomach. But this time Dionne did not walk out on practice, as he had done in Detroit. And instead of sulking, as he might once have done, he worked and listened. "Fully thought I was a super-head," Dionne now says. "If he could've made me cruel, he would have. I wouldn't crawl. I respect him for what he did because after a while he knew I was not what he had heard."

Pelford discovered, as so many others have, that the tallest part of Dionne is his pride. "I don't want to let anyone's ass," he had decided just before turning professional and, though he has certainly suffered for his redefining franchise, hockey's own belated maturing (over most years) has meant that Dionne's "big baby" is now seen as Los

Angeles's coarser, as it should, from the game's healthier side. "I had to say to hell with it," says Dionne. "If that's what hockey's all about, I'll say it. It depends on how much pain you have and how much you believe in yourself."

This game is over, candidly. Washington has come from behind to win 4-2, the content as interesting as the score; which brand of paper towel will give



away first under the faucet. Dionne, the angrier example of grace and daring among so many of those he contemptuously refers to as "clackers," dresses quickly and alone in a far corner of the dressing room. His team-mates know better than to speak to him following a loss, as do the local reporters. But still dripping from the shower, he hitches up his jacket and walks away from the dressing, inadvertently passing in the



With LaFleur at 1984, All-Star banquet (left), with Stenstrom and Tappin going solo

clutch of Jerry Buss and Gordie LaFleur. A quick handshake and Dionne leaves, silently.

Outside, in the accelerating rain, he clanks into his Mercedes and pulls away, the weight of his anger falling on the gas pedal. It is a time for avoiding thought. There is little concern for making more than \$500,000 a year or even for one day being so well-known in Los Angeles as Lightfoot, as Bann has promised he one day will be. Playing for the Kings, there is little to be gained by contemplating the game of hockey, where failure is beyond a single man's prescription. Better not to think of baseball, a sport he loves better, and how he treasures those suspended moments in the batter's box because "when you're up there you're only one man, alone—so they can help you."

He knows that it is nearing midnight. With the time difference it will shortly be morning in Drummondville, and the radio in the big house on 13th Avenue will report that the home-town wonder managed but a single assist in the loss, and he knows that it will not be enough. They want me to win the scoring title as baby," he will say next afternoon. "More than I want it."

But he will also know that words are not necessarily truth. "If I was not Marcel Dionne and I was not Guy Lafleur," he will say as gently, "maybe I would be a better player than Gordie. But he will say, "But..." And after that, nothing.



An superstar (above), at family home in 1970 the darling of Drummondville

Angels' leader and highly articulate spokesman—without Dionne himself having changed much. He once said, "There seems to be a tiny part of me I can't control." But his swelling against asthma management and gang warfare hockey has in truth been extremely calculated. "If I had to do it again," he says, "I'd do it. And I'd tell you why because I knew I can play for any team in this league." Before Dionne, the outspoken hockey player was a rarity—Ted Lindsay in the '60s, Bobby Hull to a lesser extent later—but today, with Cheryl Serrin taking management to the next level, and Guy Lafleur attacking lazily, wealthy hockey players in Montreal, the career for the health of



STENSTROM



Geremi, left, and Italian gangster Catrall, neither cooked up nor Italian

People

Toronto the blast was in his fern last week when Montreal dancers **Maria Choudhury** and **Elizabeth Chitty** took to the stage of the Art Gallery of Ontario to perform seven new works. In the first dance, *Perle Dances Sans Nom*, Choudhury skipped around with a yellow pill and finally urinated into it. Sophisticated Torontonians applauded politely and an AIDS spokesman explained that the point of the exercise was "visual effects."

The funny thing about having **Bowie** around hosting the Canadian version of the *Academy Awards* (Gerson) is that Gerson has never appeared in a film. "I've turned down a lot of scripts, and none of them I'm happy to have avoided," says the 30-year-old actor who bores himself with a nonstop schedule of TV work in the city's long-running *Brookhaveners* series and the in-laboratory talk show *Celebrity Cooks*. One role Gerson would like to play is a paranoid parking in *Stranger*, a staged version of a horror story by **Leo Tolstoy** and the only show on Broadway in which the cast wears tulle. Gerson is

currently negotiating Canadian rights for the play, but regardless of his success he plans to return to the theatre whenever his schedule allows him to get off the TV "breadmill." One thing Alibetan-born Gerson will not consider is looking for work south of the border. "Let's face it," he says, with a Scottish grin, "if I had gone to the States originally, I would have ended up playing little Italian gangsters all my life."

Three years ago **Kim Cattrall** went to Hollywood and did a screen test that is still embarrassing her. "My hair was short. My face was pudgy. I was 15 pounds overweight and I photographed like a blimp," says Cattrall, 25, who now has long hair, a model's profile and many a shred of bony fat. Cattrall grew up as Vancouver Island and graduated in Toronto and New York for theatre training, which culminated in a featured role in *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* and TV work in CBS's *Shoestring* and *Crossroads*. Recently Cattrall explored all eyes as a premenstrual stylist in the TV mini-series of **Justin Krantz's** neo-noir-oddoid story

el, *Scorpions*, and later this month she stars in a similar slider-drama, *The Gossip Columnist*, in which she plays a political reporter assigned to cover elite chatter in Truist Town. Currently Cattrall is in a 10-week "escape to Canada," filming *Thriller* with **Jack Lemmon** and **Robby Benson**. Author **Bernard Shaw** describes her nice-girl role as "the perfume of the piece" and Cattrall agrees. "It's nice to play someone who doesn't," she says. "It's a change from playing characters who are cooked up or insane."

Earlier this month the *Preeminentists' Club* of America failed to announce the winner of the 1978 Preeminentist of the Year Award. "The awards committee hadn't got around to selecting a winner," explains club President **Lee Weiss**. The first award was presented in 1951 to a Philadelphia stripper who was for "getting things off." **Jack Benny** was similarly honored for having never turned 40, and recently **Dan Marino** and **Jerry Lewis** won the club's award as comedy team of the year. Advertising executive **Wass**, 58, points out that about one-quarter of the club's 2,500 members are Canadian and there are "another 600,000 members worldwide who have never completed the application."

Everyone's favorite kidnapped-brother-turned-revolutionary, **Patty Hearst**, has been out of jail for 13 months and is now turning to good deeds. She has become co-chairman of a committee to raise money for a child-care center named in honor of Congressman **Leo J. Ryan**, whose murder on a Guyanese airstrip provoked the assassinations of more than 800 inhabitants of

New Jim Jones's bizarre colony "Cannibals." Ryan believed in people helping people," says 36-year-old Hearst. "He liked to say that if people were not part of the solution they were part of the problem." When she's not raising money, Hearst raises dogs in San Francisco, and she prefers not to recall a "problem" known as the Synchronic Liberation Army.

"Yulder, like a normal human being," McMichael is a child star who worked up from Apple's *Way to Scurry and Bitch*. She has also cut a record with brother Jimmy, but music isn't likely to be part of her future. "Rock 'n' roll," she says of their first single, *He's So Fine*. "But people who have taste in music hate it, including me. I think it stinks." McMichael is equally disarming when talking about her nonconformist approach to losing their virginity. "At 15, 16, 17, that's all that people think about," she says. "I think boys think about sex more at that age than girls. It's just natural for guys to think about it more."

In 1947 author **Cleveland Amory** bewitched and bewitched the upper crust of New England by bus-poking their social mores in *The Proper Bostonians*. At 62, the crusty but benign social commentator looks out at us as if in general he's his latest work, *The Troubled With Neighbors: A Carnaladever Striver's Book*. Amory looks like the best thing to do with children is not have them, and that the problem with women is that their husbands aren't full. Though he ardently laments the abolition of slavery, with his tongue in his cheek, Amory does have a serious side as the anti-cruelty president and founder of *The Fund for Animals*. "Animals can't defend themselves," explains Amory, who once dined a mauler with a catfish and has since taken to protecting the hides of the dead as if they were his own. But he still considers correspondence his career because, "by definition, it's one of the last things a man can do that a woman can't."

President Jimmy Carter was "shocked and upset" last week after he paid a night-visit to his 30-year-old son **Chip**, who has a room on the second floor of the White House. Carter had heard that Chip was "in low spirits" after learning that his former wife, **Cam**, from whom he was officially divorced on Feb. 29, was planning to marry Atlanta dentist **Steve Morgan** later this spring. According to a White House secretary, the president's consolation call was greeted by "much sobbing inside the room" until Chip "sloppily" answered his father's knock. The "sobbing" was apparently caused by the proximity of Chip's girlfriend, **Wendy Lawrie**, 24, whom the president's son bonded into a dumb-waiter and dispatched to the kitchen floor below. Three Laddys surprised two Secret Service bodyguards in mid-office break and she was promptly escorted to the president's suite. She was security clearance as assistant to White House Chief of Staff **Hamilton Jordan**. Edited by **Marsha Boettler**



LOVICH, outside of the fermentation tank.

LOVICH, outside of the fermentation tank.

By marching onstage wearing a leather jerkin over a fishnet body stocking, short skirt with rows of lacy flounces, and calf boots, and her waist-length pants secured by tufts of chicken, New Wave vocalist **Steve Lovich** is turning life out of the most distinctive dresses of her day. "I'm not really interested in fashion as such. I just know that I like to experiment with clothes," says the 30-year-old Yugoslav-American singer who works out of London. Recently Lovich spent nine hours inside a fermentation tank at a Guinness brewery, shooting the cover of her second album, *After Lovich's* attire was "mainly not certain tied together." The photographs suggest both **Man Hadwin** and the most modern of brides, but Lovich points out: "It's not that different from what I wear normally, except I don't wear white, normally I wear black."

At 17, **Kristy McNichol** appears to have it made in the shade. She won an Emmy Award for her TV performances in *Family*, she has been signed for \$1 million to work in five made-for-TV movies and, in her movie debut, *Little Darling*, she won a bet by losing her virginity before **Tom O'Neal** did. But at 38 pounds, sometimes McNichol is only worried about whether wearing thermal underwear will make her look



McNichol winning a sterling virgin race

To float, to sink or swim

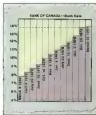
By Gillian MacKay

It was a delusion of grandeur, a wild revel with the inevitable morning aftermath. The notion that Canada might not have to bow to the great gods on Wall Street when it came to setting interest rates proved intoxicating while it lasted. As U.S. prime lending rates headed into the stratosphere at 10 per cent, Canada held firm at 15 per cent and, miraculously, the dollar actually strengthened. There Canada was, a petro-power, to less, the darling of obscure financial students in Riyadh and Zurich who were pouring their "hot" money into resource stocks on the Toronto Stock Exchange and breathing so much life into the browbeaten Canadian dollar that even cynical Chicago money-brokers were starting to bid it its favor.

The bridge came to a sobering and hard week when three out of the five major chartered banks raised their prime lending rates after the Bank of Canada moved to a floating rate system which promised to go nowhere but up. The first sign of an impending collapse in the Bank of Canada rate was a steep plunge in the dollar and the stock market late the previous week warning that fields investment was again flowing away from Canada in search of higher returns, chiefly in the United States. But Bank of Canada Governor Gerald

Besey did not hand the country a new note engraved in stone, as he had 11 times in the past two years, but a system in which the rate would change each week with the yield on 91-day treasury bills (see box). To most economists who remembered that Canada had survived a floating bank rate between 1969 and 1982, it was a trifling

Bank of Canada's money, passing the buck



change. But to government critics it was a clear case of passing the buck.

In vain did Besey argue that this was not a Liberal ploy to make the market the scapegoat for higher interest rates, that the floating rate was his idea and not that of Prime Minister Allan Rock. Even the Treasury bill market and the Bank of Canada were one and the same and he wasted every Canadian to know it. Steered former Progressive Conservative treasury board president Sinclair Stevens. "They are the masters of deception," Douglas Fraser, president and chief economist of the Toronto-Dominion Bank, called it "a clear

Carter calls for the crunch

I took a two percentage point hike in lending rates, an 18.2 per cent inflation rate and 70 days of consultation but Jimmy Carter is out of the course guided and into the street. And he comes carrying plans for a 12 cent-a-gallon tax on gasoline cuts in government spending a freeze on the size of the federal civil service, tougher rules on the use of credit cards and withholding of income tax from dividends and interest payments of source. But in his White House speech at week's end he stopped short of introducing wage-price controls when he said "have never worked in practice." Indeed the administration chose to strengthen voluntary wage and price guidelines.

With prime lending rates at 18.2 per cent the Dow Jones industrial average down 51.40 points over two weeks and

bond prices crashing, Carter's measures should help stabilize markets. But administration officials cautioned against expectations of any immediate impact on the inflation rate. Max Baer, Carter's chief of staff, said Carter would not "if we take these necessary steps against inflation, it will not result in a quick victory. Don't look for massive changes next week. Over the next several months, inflation is likely to continue at a high level. We must be patient and persistent."

Of the steps announced by Carter, the most controversial is likely to be the gasoline tax, twice the rate the measure that kept the Clark government in December. Unlike Clark, Carter already has the authority to impose the tax to be levied on imported oil and passed on to the consumer at the gas pump. Expected to help cut U.S. gas consumption by an estimated 1.3 per cent this year, it will also increase the inflation rate by half a percentage point.

Carter does have to win approval from Congress for his proposed spending cuts—\$2 billion for the rest of the fiscal

year (ending Sept. 30) and \$14 billion from the overall budget of \$625 billion for next year. While Congress favors cuts generally, particularly some services and universities, it would be reluctant to pass piecemeal programs. Among programs recommended for cuts by Carter are revenue sharing, mass transit subsidies, foreign aid and welfare. The President's budget is largely untouched, an omission that will infuriate congressional liberals.

Carter's chief portended during his 1976 presidential campaign is a tax-and-spend, the first in a decade years. In fact, the new tax and the proposed cuts could mean a \$10 billion surplus next year. Such a commitment to austerity may, indeed, mean inflation in the long run, although Carter's critics point out that in recent years, inflation was at its lowest level when the government was experiencing record deficits. But even if Carter's program does work, it may not be in time to save him with the U.S. election scheduled for November.

Les Ungerecht

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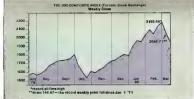
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abdication of leadership. The government does not wish to be held accountable." If the Liberals, who were loudly critical of the four interest-rate increases which occurred when they were in Opposition in 1979, had hoped to avoid flak by limiting rates, the scheme backfired badly.

It did little to help the popularity of the new system that the Bank of Canada rate "floated" up to 14.25 per cent from 14 per cent following Thursday's treasury bill auction. The Bank is expected to edge the rate up gently over the next few weeks, perhaps as high as 14.75 per cent, in response to the recent weakening of the dollar and the stringent economic package announced by

U.S. President Jimmy Carter on Friday. Another point against the floating rate was the initial impression of disarray. Most surprising was the behavior of the major chartered banks which did not follow their usual abrupt response of announcing a new prime rate set at one percentage point above the Bank of Canada rate. Instead, rates at three banks—Bank of Nova Scotia, Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce and Toronto Dominion Bank—were a half of three-quarters of a point to 14.75 per cent while the Royal Bank and the Bank of Montreal held their rates at 15 per

cent. The disengaged are likely to even out fairly quickly, but it was plain that the banks are not eager to float along behind the Bank of Canada every week.

Despite such anecdotal outbursts, the Bank of Canada is clearly in charge of the direction of interest-rate moves. With more than 250,000 home owners facing mortgage renewals this year (see story page 64) and bankruptcies in February numbering 448, up 500 from a year earlier, the Bank is already facing mounting criticism for its "blatant U.S.A." interest-rate policies, says finance critic Bob Rae, arguing that Canada's 9.4-per-cent inflation rate (which contrasts with 18 per cent in the United States) is one reason the country should not be taking the painful U.S. interest-rate medicine. "We are not living in Western Germany, and it's absurd to follow policies that assume we are," Rae's optimism is not shared by many economists who believe the Bank is already courting disaster by keeping rates so low. Given the unpredictable nature of the forces supporting it, the dollar could fall fast and hard—hence the need for a fast and flexible tool such as the floating rate which can be used to support it. As one Bank of Canada official said: "If you drop an egg from high enough, it will break." ☐

Win some, lose some

A light breeze on the Friday switchboard, catching Wood Gundy's high-voltage treasury bill trader Jim Beqaj, off guard. "What the hell," shouts a nearby trader. "He is two minutes before two o'clock. They never call before two." But Beqaj, whose board beeps a dull red rising floor at the seven o'clock, has already pounced on the line linking him to the source—the Bank of Canada. Ordinarily, the people huddle through the tin-earphones meeting called the Black Boards of the Toronto-Dominion Centre could have heard less about the new deal, but was so eager to hear—the prices locked by the \$1-billion worth of treasury bills sold in the weekly Thursday auction. But following the Bank of Canada's decision to "float" its lending rate 25 points above the average yield on 91-day Treasury bills, that mood is now spent: the cheer of interest rates on everything from mortgages to consumer loans.

The auction has always been a matter of life and death for the cash-hungry federal government which, through the issuance and sale of \$19 billion in Treasury bills, sup-



Wood Gundy's Beqaj, sitting tight

ports 25 per cent of its debt. Sold in 91-day, six-month and one-year intervals, the bills are reoffered at \$130 but sold at a discount, which is the yield determined by the leader for paring with his cash. Last week's 91-day bills sold for an average of \$96.64 for a yield of 19.94 per cent. Thus, and this week's auction, the new bank rate is 14.19 per cent.

Anyone can buy Treasury bills in the open market, but only as one of banks and brokerage firms such as Wood Gundy can bid at the auction. The Bank of Canada can

also probe down and buy some or all of the offerings of 4 banks that bids are too high—just as it can control rates in the open market. That's one with the folk of Wood Gundy who aren't interested in taking the blame for higher interest rates. In fact, as the news spreads about the lending floor that the dollar is "going down the drain," interest rates are already starting to move up again—treasury bills to wipe out any gain from the day's Treasury bill purchase. Culls food the board from traders anxious to unload, but Beqaj is sitting tight and grinning. "Just trying to make a profit."



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How Herb Gray moved from sharp stick to the club

By Rodnick McQueen

Little Jimmy Carter was trudging among the television camera crews on the dais at the end of the election. It was a week before the election, and all was well in his world. His boss and man, Pierre Trudeau, the three and future prime minister, was refuting a 30-minute policy ball at a largely passive Toronto crowd.

Throughout the dull delivery, however, one pair of ears was particularly pricked. They belonged to Herb Gray, sometime friend and opponent, who had journeyed from Windsor, Ontario, to approve the final draft of Trudeau's speech. But, among benefits of being plain, the arrow of economic nationalism shot that day may be the sole new idea in the Liberal administration's rather empty career. Yet even that notion of a nation is two decades old, and no closer to reality.

So familiar is this trope and its track that, with Indira Gandhi a close second, the restored regime in Ottawa is the world's oldest new government. And not just because 18 of the 35 members were sworn at the Grey Council in the east. Try as they might, they sound just like the old selves staging in the trappings of this banana republic. That's why the welcome was so warm when the Bank of Canada turned to floating interest rates last week. Canadian dollars will be raised as often by wily wonks of the Gerald Boney knife, it'll feel just like shaving.

The Conservative Opposition can neither all it wants about its political economy, but the resuscitated Gerald Boney themselves not 18 weeks ago. At any rate, after a tiny time-out, Canadians will forget about treasury bills and all the other monetary rumbly-jumbly that they almost learned and go back to familiar northern friends, sweetie, watching Dollar and waiting for spring. Meanwhile, with Feb 18 a reading blip on the radar screen of the road, there are some signposts stuck in the frozen ground around Parliament Hill to hint at future economic directions.

Through the fog that so far flows from Finance Minister Allan Rock, what can be learned is this: the def-

icit will be reduced in an orderly way and there is deep concern about all else. Railway double-tracking—as an attempt at mid-campaign lip balm by Trudeau—won't happen this decade. CH has no money. And Energy Minister Mase Lalonde now says there was no oil pricing conditioned as to years. "Well," as someone said on election night, "well-



erence to the 1980s." So far, it looks like most other decades.

But there is one change. While interest rates remain controlled by the central bank and oil prices are likely to follow the OPEC recommendations, the appointment of Herb Gray as minister of industry, trade and commerce may show a shift. As a father of the Foreign Investment Review Agency who fell from grace, he has been poking at its faults with a sharp stick from outside the cabinet room. Now he has been invited back to repeat Trudeau's table and alter the ownership dominance that drifts northward across the world's largest pretender border. The mandate handed him is that Toronto speech could be message to repatriate foreign ownership of Canadian assets, to strengthen FIRA, assess the performance of foreign firms and establish loan guarantees for Canadian companies

so that they can compete for foreign take-overs.

A question is the past. FIRA sagged while 90 per cent of all applications slipped through and the select few. Trudeau has handed a stick to one who wants to use it. Within two years, Gray will either be the man most feared by business or the most frustrated by it. But if the head of Gray is in it, what about the heart of Trudeau? There was once an expert on an natural gas or price and income controls racy refrain, but will there be a real policy plunge toward nationalism or nation-building? It cannot come from others in the Liberal party, for when leadership hopefuls begin to float policy kites in the political wind Trudeau will give little string to prevent contenders. All the while, he will do precisely what he wants with whatever time remains before retirement, if it ever comes.

Former U.S. secretary of state Henry Kissinger has said that leaders do not grow in office because they find no time to learn amidst the crush of crises. Rather, says Kissinger, they come into office with what they know and proceed to use it up. The way Trudeau campaigned, much is already spent. A kind of peace may pass over Parliament. Opposition will come not from parties across the aisle but from provinces across the country. Trudeau's old arrogance may become a new aloofness, a benign neglect will settle in as Trudeau heads into a kind of Louis St. Laurent with kids. Canada will become but a concept to be dangled on his knee like some chubby child instead of a dream ready to be realized. He will see the country whole, but he may not share his vision or show his vanity.

And there's the pity. Since he need not work for the next general election, he could work for the next generation. But just as there are terms of rising prices, there is beginning an era of diminished national demands. Trudeau will gladly fill that bill as people call for less from the state. And when the state delivers, its people will have received less than sense will need. Pierre Trudeau can do whatever he wants. He always has. Often, he has done too much. This time, he may do too little.

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Advertising

A giant hedging its bets

It came as no surprise in the industry when, last October, Canada's two nationally distributed newspaper supplements, *Weekend* and *The Canadian*, merged. The range of such magazines (called notes, after the microcomputer process by which they're printed) had already been reduced by half, a few years earlier, when *The Toronto Star* sold its historic *Star Weekly* and *The Globe and Mail* followed suit by dropping *The Globe Magazine*. The surprise, rather, was how briefly the new magazine regime (called *Canadian Weekend*) lasted—and how and why it changed. On March 15 nearly three million people opened their Saturday papers to find *Weekend* Magazine, a completely rethought product bearing little resemblance to either parent. Designed for stories which publisher Gordon Page describes as "shorter" and "snipier" than those of its antecedents, this last surviving note places heavy emphasis on personalities and service articles. Readers are being told, because of important shifts in advertising trends, it could well enjoy the prosperity that the others in recent years missed out on.

The problem with notes, basically, was that they were holdovers from another age. Originally, newspaper publishers used them like stained glass in medieval churches to lure in the sorts who otherwise had no role in their lives. They were conceived as circulation-builders, not as profit-makers," says *Weekend's* last editor, John Macfarlane, now publisher of *Saturday Night*. "It's unfortunate in a way that *Weekend* turned out to be even as profitable as it was. People came to think of it as a profit centre that failed."

In nonological terms, notes fell victim to declining newspaper circulation and the rise of television—particularly color television. In marketing terms, they faced advertisers who saw the greater cost-effectiveness of TV for blanketing the country with messages for staple products ("In the last five years our ads got kitchinware and kitchinware," says former *Canadian* editor Don Obe. "Mail-order ads for china plates with Quebec winter scenes and top dogs with eyes that lit up. That kind of thing.") Toward the end, *Weekend* began turning away such sales lest they lower the tone too drastically. Another consideration was the fact that the magazines shared a common marketing arm, MagaMedia, which was well-known for its low commissions and high turnover.



The last "Canadian Weekend" (top) and Page hopes of cashing in on the trend

over in personnel. Says Obe, who's now editor of *Toronto Life*: "We always lived with the expectation that one magazine or the other was going to fold." The irony is that while both of them imploded, they did so at a time when the market was just beginning to take a sharp turn for the better.

"The 1980s and 1990s were the age of the special-interest magazine," says Bob Wilson, press columnist for *Marketing*, the advertising trade weekly. "The general-interest ones were ousted by publications left and right." Sparsity now continues to flourish, but now the

others are getting a second wind. "It's funny," says Page. "That both *Weekend* and *The Canadian* had a jump in advertising on the order of 30 per cent in the last year. This, coming after five or six years of steady decline, indicated that something was happening."

What was happening was that certain kinds of advertisers were finding solace in an increasingly ungrateful place to make their total budgets. "We're now seeing some companies rethinking television spending," Page says, "what with rate hikes, commercial clutter, the problems of availability and the fragmentation of the audience because of

cable." And right down the road is the whole question of the home video reader, which will further weaken the solidarity of TV viewers.

But? (The largest-circulation Canadian magazine and, at \$25,000-plus for the back cover, one of the dirtiest ad buys) hopes to cash in as the trend back to advertising in the print media becomes more widespread. Profits are enormous in thinking that the market will support one such magazine in the style to which all the others never grew accustomed. But note-takers admit it's too early to tell just how *Star Magazine* will be greeted by its readers, whom advertisers must eventually second-guess. **Doug Fisherling**



Under fire from right and left

Gutierrez critic Antonio Vergara found the time hard to digest when he visited a restaurant in Valencia, Spain. He said so in his story, including the complaint that the cheese was "stinking." Now, if a legal action by the irate proprietor proves, he could be ordered to live away from his native city for six years and pay \$150,000 in damages. But compared to some Spanish journalists, Vergara is getting off lightly. In the past two years threats have rained down on publications. A Bilbao newspaper editor has been gunned down, a parcel bomb killed an employee of a leading Madrid daily, and a national magazine in Barcelona has been bombed. And last month editors and other staff were lining up at the courts to face a battery of charges, from publishing pictures of naked women to inciting the military in five other allegedly democratic countries in the press under such pressure or its practitioners in each part of antiquated laws or blood-lusting extremists. What would be regarded as a routine assignment task in Canada can land a Spanish journalist before a court martial or at the wrong end of a thug's machine-gun.

Since the lifting of censorship after Franco's death in 1975, the nation has been deluged with new publications. But the bureaucracy is slow to accept

Right-wing protesters in Madrid (top), and Ceballos before a court martial or at the wrong end of a thug's machine-gun.

that society is no longer an integral part of government, and some sectors of government view the press with hostility. When photographers protested recently over police violence against them during a demonstration, Madrid's civil governor hastily suggested their identifying armbands were hard to see in the dark.

A new constitution guarantees press freedom but clashes with old abuses due to be reformed. The press has been accused of excesses, sometimes justifiably, but sometimes simply because it has dared to criticize institutions that were once sacred. Many of the difficulties have arisen through tensions stirred by the democratic transition. Last month thousands of newsmen demonstrated for a day in protest against attacks on them by political extremists. Members of the ultra-right Fuerza Nueva party have been threatening

newsmen for selling "subversive" publications. Half a dozen newsmen went up in smoke in a warning against selling *Intereve*, a weekly magazine specializing in political scandals, gore and rooting modes.

Although *Intereve* has sometimes plucked outrageous items of bad taste, what enraged the Fuerza Nueva belly boys was an article by an ex-politician that linked right wingers with the Basque-Spanish Battalion, terrorist group. Soon after its publication two of the people mentioned were liquidated by ETA, the Basque leftist separatist movement. Fuerza Nueva demanded *Intereve*'s closure. To calm press wounds, *Intereve* Managing Editor Darío Jiménez resigned. A talented, quietly authoritative 36-year-old, Jiménez had guided *Intereve* in four years to a 600,000 circulation (said to be the largest in its field in Spain). The new incumbent will have a constitutional committee to advise him. Like many editors, Jiménez has become accustomed to death threats and it is not uncommon to see politicians with sub-machine-guns guarding the offices of publications. Although the constitution refers to the right of professional secrecy, Miguel Ángel Aguilar, editor of the Madrid daily *Surco* 16, faces possible court martial over a front-page story published last month on rumors of a planned military coup.

Aguilar has so far refused to name his sources. The case has provoked over-zealous protests but, until the laws are reformed, civilians can still be tried by the army for serious offences. Besides over political charges, more reactionary editors are ever watchful for transgressions. Three journalists of the Communist magazine *La Duda* are also facing military justice for offending the soldiers, and Juan Luis Ceballos, editor of the respected independent Madrid daily *El País*, could be tried in civilian courts for a report on a terrorist killing. Spanish journalists are growing for their rights to be spelled out in a new information law, and a journalists' statute is due to be defined in parliament.

But public awareness is just as important a component of press freedom, as Darío Jiménez alluded to in a farewell message to *Intereve* readers. "It has been painful [to resign] because I love this magazine, as a father loves a daughter: too young, too free, too sincere, too beautiful to be true and so much political deceit, so much social fear, so much ideological stonewall... I love it although it does not belong to me but to the hundreds of thousands of readers. Please, do not let them kill it."

David Beld

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The oldest baby in ballet

The Royal Winnipeg Ballet is Canada's oldest ballet company, yet it always seems the youngest. Its trade marks—elegance, drive, and just a touch too much cuteness—keep it relevant, especially at times when it looks like cartoons for the company. Over the last couple of years it has been plagued by a malaise in morale as well as a financial deficit. Nowadays the local situation is just, if not rosy, morose has soiled and the company is currently touring the Marquise until it returns home in April. Of the 35 dancers, 20 have been trained at the company's own school, what the company is offering is practically a brand new entity. Literally very young, still high-spirited and even-keeled.

When the NWB presented a new work, *Four Last Songs*, recently at the National Arts Centre in Ottawa, the result was a baby ballet that worked most of the time. Most of the ballerinas are teenagers on tour—and the men for the most part aren't lunks, there's a



Kathleen Gully, Jocet Pelt: a test of style

uniformity and consistency that may, in time, turn into a style. At the moment there's really a lack of style: the training of the young dancers overemphasizes, doesn't allow them to relax. Except for the fabulous Bonnie Wyck-

off, who has been with the company for years, the dancers don't project much personality or assurance other than a general likability and accuracy. But—and a big one—they're dancing because they want to; you can tell they're away for it, unlike the jaded National Ballet.

The two most recent works shown in Ottawa—Badi van Dancings' *Four Last Songs* set to the same work by Richard Strauss and Hans van Manen's *Songs Without Words* to the same by Mendelssohn—serve the company well without really serving ballet that much. *Four Last Songs* (wouldn't you know it!) has four pas de deux, each entwined in an agonized relationship with a black figure who is probably and unfortunately supposed to be Death. Van Manen's work is more tolerable. Again, there are couples a la *Robbie's Dances* at a *Gathering*—but done halfway. The piece tries to get at a variety of emotions, so do the dancers, but there's a strange thing happening in it: the heterosexual pas de deux seem frivolous and fake-romantic, but two males dancing seems passionate and serious. The "new" Royal Winnipeg is not ready for a lot of things, one of them is sexual chic. **Lawrence O'Toole**



Festival Stage
Twelfth Night
Henry V
Titus Andronicus
Much Ado About Nothing
The Seagull

Third Stage
Brief Lives
Henry VI

Arvon Stage
The Beggar's Opera
Virginia
The Servant of Two Masters
The Gin Game
Bonnie and Clyde
Foxfire
King Lear
Long Day's Journey Into Night

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Pulling a watchdog's teeth

Consumer activists have dubbed the U.S. Federal Trade Commission the "little old lady on Pennsylvania Avenue." The 60-year-old FTC, with its mandate to curb deceptive advertising and boost monopolies, was as effective as a poof in guarding a bank. But in 1977, Congress reenergized the independent commission with new leadership and the power to investigate and regulate not simply individual companies but entire industries as well. The old lady started working her muscles and raising her voice from a whisper to a roar. Under the direction of Michael Pertuchuk, a Carter-appointed lawyer with an evangelical zeal for trust-busting, the commission started digging into the funeral industry, cereal monopolies, used-car dealerships, air companies and children's advertising. However, it all became too much for businessmen. They started screaming about overregulation, and while consumers were basking their heads high, businessmen were busy lobbying Congress to have the FTC stopped.

Last month, both the House and the Senate passed bills that would strip the FTC of its power. While both want the FTC under the congressional thumb and subject to veto, they differ on exactly what forms the restrictions should take.



Pertuchuk: grumbling about being too good

Their differences are expected to be reconciled in the coming weeks, however, and a new bill passed, one that consumer groups are warning will cripple the FTC, and consequently leave consumers wide open again to misleading advertising.

It is difficult to gauge whether the

Gravel: 'parents are still concerned'

aging power of the FTC and the consumer movement will be felt seriously in Canada. Mark Clapp, director of the Montreal-based Automobile Protection Association, says Canadians work closely with American consumer groups and follow their lead. One thing is certain: Canada does not have, and probably never will have, an equivalent of the once-powerful FTC. Says Clapp: "The consumer movement has never been strong here and the liberals seem to feel they've done enough for consumers."

Since the FTC has been under fire, all of its rule-making has been stopped. Pertuchuk is wondering the halls of Congress pleading for mercy and his officials are grumbling about being too good at their jobs. Says one staffer: "It is like telling the police to follow all the rules. That's fair until an officer goes the mayor's wife a toilet." Whether the FTC is paralyzed or merely weakened, says Peggy Charney, the president of Action for Children's Television, "this will be a chilling effect on the FTC and it will be a struggle if they ever tackle children's advertising again."

Canadian parents might also have reason to worry. According to the 1986 Bureau of Measurement, half of Canada's 25 million children are glad to tune Saturday mornings. With there are no figures, it is estimated that the bulk of them are watching American networks which are beyond the control of the Canadian code governing ads aimed at children. Says Robin Gravel, director of the Toronto-based Advertising Standards Council: "We're seeing better, more truthful ads from the States since the FTC got involved, but parents are still concerned." The only province where they needn't be is Quebec where the National Assembly passed a bill that will come into effect next month all but banning television advertising aimed at children under 12.

Meanwhile in the U.S., one of the FTC's few supporters, Ohio Democratic Senator Howard Minkoff, says: "This action, if successful, will say to the FTC, Leave this monopolies alone, forget about the prior powers . . . go back into your shell and leave the American people to their own devices."

But he also accuses consumers of doing "doodley-squat." Consumer advocates deny doing nothing and add that they have neither the money nor the power to lobby Congress like big business.

Frankie Sargento

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Architecture

Flamingos under glass: a palace renovation

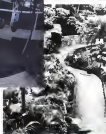
To young people who grew up in Victoria anytime from the '50s to the '80s, the city's Crystal Garden was the fairytale. Designed by Victorian architects Percy Leonard James and Francis Mounsey Balfour, it is a style reminiscent of the great 19th-century glass-and-iron exhibition halls of Europe, the glass-enclosed Crystal Garden was enormously popular from the very first day it opened in 1925. Originally owned by Canadian Pacific Railway, it housed the largest indoor heated salt-water pool in the British Empire. In 1925, Johnny Weismuller, "the human hydroplane," swam 100 yards there in 33.4 seconds, setting a world record.

During its best years, from 1925 to 1960, it was a glittering pleasure dome for courtly Victorians society. Standing in the looming shadow of the Empress Hotel, the Crystal's great, vaulting spaces, filled with sunlight and greenery, seemed alive with music and the tinkle of seagulls. The pool was bracketed by two mezzanine-level dance floors. A raised terrace lined one side. All day

long fashionable ladies lounged on wicker settees and potted palms and hanging flower baskets, or dawked through the swimming to a live orchestra. Occasionally a overboarded young blonde clothed in full evening dress would show his style by plunging from one of the two balconies into the pool.

By the 1950s, the elegance was beginning to fade. The windows were grimy, the building was decaying. The CRW handed the whole 40,000-square-foot problem over to the city, which finally closed the doors in 1961. For 30 years the city fathers threatened to demolish it, but in 1970 the provincial government, nudged by the local Crystal Garden Preservation Society, stepped in with a \$4-million grant for renovations.

Not work, to the delight of historical societies across the country, Crystal Garden is reopening. But the old swimming pool is gone. Its bright blue tiles are covered with soil and a lush tropical garden now grows there, watched over by delicate, wandering pink flamingos



Original Tea Room Promenade (left), new tropical garden (above left and above), and water fountain (left) teacup table

and dancing long-tailed macaws. However, there is dancing in one of the original glass-covered ballrooms and afternoon tea in the wicker lounge overlooking the garden. In the old gymnasium there's a full-scale restaurant and a new aviary, and a board house where the staterooms used to be. On the street level, smart shops now occupy the former shower rooms.

The future of the building now depends less on sentiment than on whether Victoria's ornate husks of tourists will pay the \$8 admission price. "We have had nostalgia from the tourists," says George Gills of BC's Provincial Capital Commission and the man in charge of renovations, "but we don't look upon what we've done as a restoration. We've tried to make the building interesting for the present generation while retaining as much of the old feel as possible." Although some old friends are worried, most are content to wait to see what kind of a face the graceful old lady will be turning toward the future. **Judith Aldrich**

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Alcohol fuels are no longer small potatoes

Moments have been onto the relatively simple technology for years. They call the stuff white lightning. In reality it is ethyl alcohol, or ethanol—made by allowing enzymes to convert the starch found in grain or corn to sugar, fermenting the sugar with yeast and then distilling the fermented liquor. As a hill-country icon, ethanol has long packed a powerful wallop, now it's being reincarnated as fuel for automobiles, where it's normally used in a 30-per-cent-gasoline, 70-per-cent-ethanol mixture called gasohol. It may not be the solution to everybody's energy crisis, but ethanol is now shortening gas lines in the United States, and it also holds promise of alternative to fossil fuels in Canada.

Alcohol fuels can be made from agricultural crops (ethanol) or from wood, coal, even municipal wastes, which yield methanol. The idea of using alcohol fuels to run vehicles is not new. Alexander Graham Bell and Thomas Edison both championed them, and Henry Ford actually built his Model T with an adjustable carburetor so that it could, if necessary, use pure alcohol. During the Second World War, Hitler converted much of the German war machine, including aircraft, to alcohol fuels, after the Allies bombed his East European refineries. However, it wasn't until the '70s that rising gasoline prices and a search for new agricultural markets convinced to bring alcohol fuels back into focus. In the U.S., Nebraska took

Nebraska (below) and P.E.I. potato fields find down by \$200,000 bond

the lead in 1973 by offering motorists three cents off every gallon they purchased of fuels that were 16 per cent agricultural ethanol. (It now offers 46 cents.) Today the U.S. has more than 3,000 gasohol-refueling stations in 46 states.

In Canada, cautious attitudes and inhibiting regulations have deterred most forays into alcohol fuels. Farmer Robin Nesbitt, 25, of Holdfast, Saskatchewan, found that out when, after operating his farm on a mixture of methanol and gasoline and his '67 Massey-Harris tractor on pure methanol, with excellent performance, he decided to make his own methanol. He discovered that to do so he would have to post a \$200,000 bond, buy an annual \$25 license, and pay tax on every gallon he produced besides.

However, gasohol is being taken seriously in Saskatchewan. "We're looking at what we call distress grains," says Ken Johns of the provincial agriculture department, "which is wheat or barley touched by frost or with a high moisture content which makes it not suitable for human consumption." Saskatchewan produces an average of 30 million bushels of distress grains a year, and Johns expects some of this to be used as early as this summer in farm-road ethanol demonstration distilleries, and eventually in much larger commercial plants. "My feeling is that the potential



Pumping gasohol in U.S.: 3,000-watt generator

is enormous," he says, pointing out that a huge and ready gasohol market exists south of the border.

The real beauty of gasohol, say its proponents, is that it can be derived from many things: not just grain and corn, but also potatoes, sugar beets, food processing and brewery wastes. In Brazil, where it is made from sugarcane, gasohol is used in six million cars.

On Prince Edward Island, farmers have a problem with "cull" potatoes, spuds that aren't suitable for regular markets. These add up to about 10 per cent of every year's crop, and farmers dispose of them by dumping, burying or feeding them to livestock. "We could make ethanol on a small scale," says Andrew Wells of P.E.I.'s Institute of Man and Resources. "We're considering something that could be run by a farmer or a farmer and his neighbors." The plant would burn wood, and the potato alcohol it produced would power the farm vehicles of participating farmers. P.E.I. hopes to construct a \$20,000 pilot plant by fall to test the theory.

Obviously some sort of tax relief may be needed to inspire a U.S.-style plunge into gasohol in Canada. British studies now offer an average of 50 cents off on alcohol fuel mixtures, making them competitive with unleaded gasoline, and U.S. alcohol fuel production has shot up to 80 million gallons. Even at that, "there isn't enough being produced," says Jan Dicks of the National Gasohol Commission in Lincoln, Nebraska. "We could use 30 times as much."

David Folster

Heading off the agony

A headache more painful than a migraine? Even the thought is enough to make someone head-throb. "Cluster headaches literally feel like a red-hot iron has been poked into your eyeball," says psychiatrist Dr. Patrick O'Brien of Massachusetts General Hospital. Adds his colleague Dr. Verne S. Caviness, a neurologist, "They're usually considered the most severe condensed pain someone can experience moment by moment." But thanks to the two doctors, Canada's estimated 120,000 cluster-headache sufferers may at last find relief. By administering large doses of Thorazine (a drug known generally as chlorpromazine and popularly known in Canada as Largactil), an extremely powerful tran-

quillizer usually used in treatment of schizophrenia and severe psychotic disorders, the pair has just reported a complete remission of all agonizing pain in 14 patients whose cluster headaches had not responded satisfactorily to any conventional therapy.

Sometimes categorized as a variant of the more common migraine syndrome, cluster headaches, according to O'Brien and Caviness in their report in *The New England Journal of Medicine* last month, rarely represent a distinct medical phenomenon. Only 75 per cent of migraine sufferers (there are more than two million in Canada) are women, but reversing that figure, 80 per cent of cluster victims are men. Moreover, evidence suggests migraines often run in families while cluster headaches exhibit no such discernible pattern.

The painful attacks themselves are also very distinctive. Unlike migraines which begin slowly, possibly with such warning signs as blurred vision, cluster headaches usually attack one side of the head with lightning speed, often while the victim is sleeping. "People are literally awakened awake by these things," explains Caviness. "Their eyes water, their noses run, they pace up and down. It's not like a migraine where you just want to be down in a quiet room." During a cluster attack, the victim typi-

cally will experience 20 to 90 minutes of severe pain, followed by several hours of relief and then another spell of agony. The recurrent pattern may persist for several days or stretch into three or four months, although extreme cluster attacks have been known to last a year or more.

Dr. John Edmonds, a neurologist and migraine specialist at Toronto's Sunnybrook Medical Centre, says he was surprised to hear that Thorazine was being used. "I wouldn't have thought it would have worked, given what I know about the drug, but I'll certainly take it into consideration." He says high doses over prolonged periods can lead to liver problems, but according to Caviness cluster-headache therapy doesn't last long, usually three months.

Originally Caviness prescribed Thorazine simply to control the extremely high level of agitation. To his surprise, he found that the drug offered complete relief from all the cluster-headache symptoms. But both Caviness and O'Brien admit that the ability to relieve the pain leaves them no closer to an understanding of what causes the terrifying cluster syndrome. Notes O'Brien, "Each case is different. You're like a detective, analyzing the headaches like Sherlock Holmes."

Rita Christopher

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Theatre

One more flight of the Canada goose

By Val Fross

Pre-performance warm-up. "Okay, everybody. Let's take it from the War Measures Act." The cast of six actors, choreographer Ken Walsh, theatre music director Joe Sealy, and his hands above their heads, and with a crash of piano, the *Spring Thaw 30* curtain takes off. *Spring Thaw*, that legendary satirical revue, that Canada goose, is back. Launched as a five-month road-to-rail in '87 to two weeks ago in the St. John's Arts and Cultural Centre. There appeared for the first time since 1971, armed with a decade of material from War Measures to Montreal Olympics to multinational. With the show's return, one could divide Canada into two subcultures: those who've never heard of it and could care less, and those nostalgic, middle-aged Anglo-Canadians for whom the very name, *Spring Thaw*,

once meant warning to a winterhead land, cracking up and chucking like an ice-berg strains.

The big questions facing *Thaw 30*'s backers and performers are: have Canadians outgrown the taste for its brand of humor-of-renegades? And are those who loved the old *Thaw* welcome a new generation of the legend? Its popularity has always been based on the charm of the shared experience. Barbara Ann Scott jokes in 1968, Maggie T. cracks in 1968. *Thaw* never broke new ice, it was just another child of this country's repulsive with topical humor—a tradition that stretches back through the First World War's Dumbell set to the pithy pronouncements, pre-Confederation, of polar Dan Sisk. Why topical humor is opposed to, say, Swedish folk or Argentine tango is Canada's preferred mode is unclear, perhaps before a culture can connect with wit on a trans-

sex and pain, it first must establish its props and characters. Though *Spring Thaw* regularly drew critical praise for its immaturity—"adolescent," "colligative," "a gross experience"—it seems that any kidding around, no matter how childish, confirmed that Canadians had something in common, in *Thaw*'s heyday, it drew annual audiences 100,000 young and broke box office records.

There's also something archetypically Canadian about *Thaw*'s birth. Back in 1948, two weeks before opening night, Toronto's New Play Society adaptation of *Two Solitudes* fell through. A clique of thespians, including Mervyn Moore, the 29-year-old son of the New Play Society's founder, barely filled the gap with topical songs and their own collectively written monologues. On opening night, the audience was shocked, then delighted to hear its scabbiest, its scoundrels, even its street names being named on stage. These provoked the audience that flocked on following nights that it would return, and for 22 years thereafter the show provided Anglo-Canadian culture with a credo for its own existence: "Laugh at myself, therefore I am."

As well as providing Anglo-Canadians with its punch, *Thaw* also generated a comic establishment—Wayne and

COURTESY

Shuster, Barbara Hamilton, Dave Broadhead, Don Hume—but by the mid-1960s the original and early contributors had gone on to better things. Robert Gould and Rich Little went south, Pierre Berthiaume to books, Mavor Moore, now chairman of the Canada Council, left for cultural administration, and Spring *Thaw* went to the dogs. In its last incarnation, a hitless week '91 roll happening, was so far from the show's original political and rather polite Toronto Good intentions that Moore, who owned rights to the name, decided to put *Thaw* in the deep freeze. Four years ago Moore's daughter, actress Todd Moore, tried to resurrect

"Spring Thaw 30" McDonald, Roddick, Brown, Bayliff, Karm, Young (far left), the Indian skip, Mavor Moore and Paul Brown in *Thaw 30* at white bread

duan humor has gotten harder," affirms Gordon. "We're no longer so easily amused." Yet to spring this *Thaw* on prospective backers, Gordon had to convince them it would still be funny. Soliloquizing the establishment's contribution, he gathered names like Wayne and Shuster, Ben Wicks and Mavor Moore himself, Barbara Hamilton (who later backed off over the rigors of a two-month tour), These were the names that helped win the corporate patronage of Northern Telecom, which funded an undisclosed share of the show's \$400,000 budget.

To the point, however, *Thaw 30* is the work of a new generation. Of its 37 skills, the majority were written by unknowns, including a former Prairie and servant, a Toronto alternative magazine editor and a dear TV news anchor-

see that face," giggled one opening-night patron, "I want to get that." But the other three members of the cast, Brenda Bradley, Marvin Karm and Patrick Young, are brand-new talents. Gordon, graced with their chemistry, wistfully is a Gracioso. "This one? A real Canadian mame. Four blades, five waxes, all white bread." They're all helped shape the show, adding their own musings and mad laws, and even naming too. Out went a skit about 10 and Indians (puck line: "You got it, Puck-tar?") Paul Brown adds, "We may not know much about humor but we know what we like."

Instantly, so young and new a group of performers and contributors have produced a show of uneven quality—which is only its faithful keeping with the *Thaw* tradition. "At its best," recalls Mavor Moore, "it had sharp teeth, at its worst it gnashed its gums. Much of this show's humor is predictable and, well, adolescent, are grown up supposed to giggle at self-conscious puns like the first Canadian on Mary driving a golf ball through a Martian living room window? Yet there are genuinely inspired moments on a lifting ballad, *Wallow in the Red Snow*." A reader's all that's left of my dad's," and Rosemary Roddick's truly odd impersonation of a Canada Immigration official—"I like to sit at the front desk where I can watch the clock and smell the foreclosures."

Backgits and brisards for this show should land severely on Alan Gordon. "I'm not into satire as a political tool," he admits. "The whole joke of this is that Canadians are silly." Consequently *Thaw 30* is and is often more silly. Yet he has also revived the show's youthful charm, its spirit, by being there in the wings, hunched up in one of the bulks, single-line, groups, pull-over, he, having just yanking at material he rewrites and releases a hundred times. Through-out production, he has cheered the cast with such expertise in the resulting but not atypical encephalo, after Rosemary Roddick's refusal to repeat a run, genuine make while being home, top bright, round the stage, Gordon pleaded loudly, "Are you on, do you want to be on stage?" Roddick's reply: "I can get it." If *Spring Thaw 30*, showed up for a decade, don't stage a successful return, it may be precisely because of the high-school humor established by Gordon's cherry-picking. It may not be in *Thaw 30* but in an in-joke that all can understand. ☐



the show. She approached Alan Gordon, a young comedy writer for *Saturday Night Live* TV series with Don Hume, to write material for a *Thaw* that actor brother. What was needed was something and someone to assume Mavor Moore's organizational mantle. That same Alan Gordon, now a satirist, satirist 30-year-old, has done it, producing, directing, and contributing to *Thaw 30*. Mavor Moore has played no part but to wish his "young friend" luck.

He'll need it. In the intervening decade, topical satire such as Newfoundland's *Come and Join* and highly comedy centers have flourished. At the same time, Canadians have come to regard *National Lampoon* and *Saturday Night Live* as their own, as National Humor League expansion teams manned by entertainers who learned to schtick in the bare. In other words, the competition has become more sophisticated. "Can-

ada's The cast in *Thaw 30* average age under 30, and only one, the date, Roddick-based Rosemary Roddick, is a veteran of a previous *Thaw*. (70 Roddick is relatively familiar—he played Larry King's girl-friend in the hit, great *King of the Hill*.) Also well-known is Mary Ann McDonald, whose strong voice and showy Canadian shield of a smile opens the show. (McDonald's talents may provide the most powerful memories *Thaw 30* audiences carry away, for a decade, since she started in *Thaw*, critics have been using her current stand-in.) Audiences may even recognize, from Canadian Public TV commercials, the remarkable, bright-lime face of Paul Brown. "Every time I



Waving goodbye to Mary Richards

As Claire Harrison, the sculptor in *Whose Life Is It Anyway?*, paralyzed from the neck down in an accident and determined to die rather than merely exist, Mary Tyler Moore is deeply, deeply affecting. She pulls you so far into the character that it's a little scary: you can almost see the cells of emotion. Claire Harrison is bright, ac-

tive, lively, sexy, strong, angry and she's fared to look miraculously at her life, without the slightest delusion. Though she can only move her head, life spills out of her in verbal torrents. Moore gives her a terrible vibrancy. The large, sorrow-soaked irony is that Claire isn't alive enough; her head's trapped inside a dead body. As she considers her decision and fights the hospital for the right to die, Moore weaves the longest goodbye, weaves the saddest spell.

In context the performance is even more astonishing. Having created Mary



MOORE, JAMES NAUGHTON a dead body

Richards on the Mary Tyler Moore Show, Moore found herself imprisoned in her own image: people don't want to forget Mary Richards. There were two embarrassing attempts at TV variety, a first-rate TV movie, *First You Cry* (sadly looked upon as a failure), and then came the gamble of her career with a Broadway return. The role in *Whose Life Is It Anyway?*, originally played by Tom Covi and rewritten by playwright Brian Clark for her, is virtuosos all right, but one ounce too much effort could destroy it. Somehow the gamble gives the performance more guts.

Mary Richards surely knew what to do with her face. Claire Harrison's face has also become her limb. But the brilliant mastery of Moore's portrait is how she uses her deep, resonant stage voice. In it there's a dark, aveling bitterness, as though it were trying to cough up a concerning black phlegm. "Don't stick that f---ing thing in me!" she wails in a voice of powerless pain to a doctor trying to sedate her. Her ferocious funny quips are just that—ferocious. John stabs Thruway (the "Bliss Anderson, you give good show") love an underlying sting. In a short, moving monologue during a hearing in her room Claire tells a judge who, precisely, she can't go on living: as an actress she has discovered that her imagination has now become her enemy and as a woman she can't forget what it was like to feel love physically. She addressed men: "Good! God, the smell of them," she wails, her voice and spirit breaking.

Clark's play is an extraordinarily fine one dealing with the overwhelming question of what life is and what makes it worthwhile. The answer is well-tough, inexpressible. But it does find a voice in Mary Tyler Moore who communicates the tragedy of someone forced to think all the time, knowing that the act is forever severed from the thought.

Lawrence O'Toole

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Books



Dirty pictures, dirty tricks and the RCMP

MEN IN THE SHADOWS: THE RCMP SECURITY SERVICE by John Sawatzky (Random House, \$15)

The Pearl Machine, a project of the Diefenbaker years, was meant to protect the security of the nation by preventing homosexuality. Homosexuals would be shown dirty pictures, the pupils of their eyes would expand; later, the camera would record the expansion. But the RCMP would have their own. But the dirty pictures varied in light intensity causing entirely spurious expansions and contractions—and the size of the pupils didn't change much anyway. The Pearl Machine was abandoned.

As John Sawatzky records it, not

everything in the history of the RCMP Security Service has been quite so colorful, but the pattern of failure is constant. Given its victories, have been limited.

When Igor Gouzenko fell into its trap in 1951, the RCMP elected to prosecute the Canadians exposed by him rather than attempt to turn them into double agents. Even then, only 10 of the 20 prosecutions were successful. When the Security Service foolishly carried out an intricate theft of computer tapes containing Parti Québécois membership lists in 1973, the information obtained was eventually burned—no one in the force had the expertise to access it.

Besides these and other failures lies a

web of government intrigues, national and international events and RCMP office politics. Sawatzky, who broke the story of the Agence de Presse Libre du Québec break-in for *The Vancouver Sun*, does his best to trace the web without anything himself for the reader in it. It is not an easy task. Because the RCMP and the federal government denied her access to documentation, the book is lacking the words of the men at the top, men who could either confirm or challenge her assumptions and conclusions. Because Sawatzky devoted himself almost to the deliberations of the Keble and McDonald commissions ("new and broader sources of information are needed," he writes), the book must stand or fall on his interviews with captured present and retired members of the force.

Happily the interviewees have produced a wealth of lore and anecdotes. There is a fascinating chapter on Section 46, also known as the Watcher Service, which was a Soviet intelligence officer in heavy traffic, track him all over the continent and back to a motel on the outskirts of town with only themselves the wiser. Careful attention is also paid to events that influenced the shape and direction of the Security Service—the Gouzenko revelations, which caused a mighty increase in counterintelligence staff, the Philby dashboards and the ring crime, both of which made the RCMP embarrassingly mediocre of its misadventures.

Sawatzky, in the preface, confesses that his criticisms of the Security Service contradict his praise, but the book is not an anti-RCMP tract. To a large extent, *Men in the Shadows* assumes the force's security efforts by the standards of those engaged in them. Many of Sawatzky's criticisms deal with the force's paramilitary structure and philosophy, which restrict its ability to react quickly and function effectively and which allow the inefficiencies—the break-ins, the burn burning, the harassment of radical groups. Where Sawatzky finds occasion to praise Security Service heads, such as John Starnes, it is in efforts to loosen the paramilitary vice.

Politicians have debated the question of how civilian the Security Service should be since the MacKenzie Commission report of 1969. The debate continues before the McDonald Commission of today. But politicians are rarely concerned with the long-term in the case of Pearson and Diefenbaker, as liberal counterweights to the more authoritarian impulses of the force. Most of the action of *Men in the Shadows* seems to take place in a political vacuum—perhaps less a fault of the book than a reflection of the system.

Charles Godeau

Bloody clouds of words

BY COURT DAME LA VILLE
with Marie-Claire Blais
(Shovel, \$8.95)

After a decade of flirting with the themes of love, Marie-Claire Blais has again succumbed to her ruling passion: death. *Le soleil dans le ciel* (literally, "dead man in the sky") is written without paragraph or dialogue breaks, page after page covered with neat rectangular blocks of text as daunting and compellingly readable as tombstones. Blais's mortality hangs over each sentence like the bloody clouds one character imagines emanating from the earth where concentration camps once stood.

Although the style of *Le soleil* makes it a turning point in her career, Blais is in fact re-examining themes that once dominated her writing and which clearly still obsess her. Twenty years ago, she was pronounced a teenage prodigy by the influential American critic Edmund Wilson for her first novel, *Mist Shadow*, a poetic nightmare about a rural Quebec family alienated from the outside world and from one another as well. A similar hallucina-

tion, darkened even more by the painful presence of the church, became *A Saison en l'été* of *Enfermement*, the most popular of her books or so novels and typical of Blais in its focus on childhood experience to render more poignant the belief that "we love but one thing in life, our suffering." A new command of dialogue and a rigorous probing of both heterosexual and homosexual relationships were revealed in *The Wolf and St. Lawrence*, Blais, both published in the early 1970s, but her recent work has been disappointing.

In this latest novel Blais has opened Pandora's box again but displayed its contents differently. She is a poet (and dramatist) as well as a novelist, who tends to the mystical, the esoteric perceptions of the greater reality beneath the visible surface, as she says in *David Sterne*, books are just "masks to cover the essence of things," and ones governed by the bright flame within, "you see holiness everywhere, it's like a disease." The answer in art is controversial and resistant, properly framed and labelled, transcendental visions can still overwhelm the generic without dangerous aftereffects.

Le soleil is rare even then: novel's elements are consciously spiritual in meaning. Razing the Bergman Hotel des Voyageurs (Travelers Hotel)



Blais framing and labelling her visions

is the Agnelli family—mother Gloria, son Mike and daughter Lucia ("Igor"). Mike, partially deaf from a malignant brain tumor, is written by Judith Lange ("the angel"), an aloof university lecturer. Gloria makes various ends meet by stepping in a nightclub, the *Hotel du Son*, in the hopes that she and Mike will one day drive off to San Francisco (St. Francis) and find a magical cure for his illness. The novel has no story and

only one "event," the suicide of Florence Gray, a guest at the hotel. The "action" is observed through all the characters and the narrative cuts abruptly from one to the next, reinforcing the book's gruffly expressive vision. Blais goes heavy on the Dostoevski and easy on the P. G. Wodehouse, and it's a precise puzzle box, like a snake mesmerizing its prey, *Le soleil* manages to lure the reader into sharing the agonies of its characters.

What really commands attention here is man's attraction to death in any form, especially the gratuitous acts of violence he performs to demonstrate to himself his illusory control over his own destiny. Writers like Blais perform such acts too, not always successfully, but the occasional stumble is inevitable when using the mythological lore of the death camps for historical or apocryphal anecdotes. Hopeless though their lives seem, the characters endure symbiosis with destiny similar to the capricious bonds that united guards and inmates. In this morbid world, the most immoral act is resignation. Judith Lange tells how some prisoners in the camps, who sang exquisitely moments before their death, were spared, so if out of gratitude for an exotic musical delicacy never before tasted by their would-be murderers. Blais is saying that only death is truly deaf to such music and to the screams of souls in agony. As long as man can overcome despair, speak and listen, life is endurable; the artist's role is to articulate cries always.

Mark Csarnecki

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

- 1 *Sunday's People*, Le Carre (2)
- 2 *Princess Daisy*, Kinsler (4)
- 3 *The Top of the Hill*, Sherrill (3)
- 4 *A Right Honourable Lady*, LaMarche (7)
- 5 *The Devil's Alternative*, Forsyth (1)
- 6 *Spidey Walker*, Munroe (3)
- 7 *The Last Exorcism*, Stewart (5)
- 8 *Problems and Other Stories*, Updike (10)
- 9 *Life Before Man*, Almond (3)
- 10 *Memoirs of Another Day*, Robbins

NONFICTION

- 1 *The Delany Report on men*, Delany (4)
- 2 *And We Were Gens*, Wynn (1)
- 3 *The Blue-Eyed Blackie*, Foster (2)
- 4 *The Fourth Man*, Boyle (3)
- 5 *April Emma's Cop Book*, Kinsler (4)
- 6 *Compulsive Church*, Somers (1)
- 7 *The 6-Week*, Woodward/Armstrong (5)
- 8 *James Hartley's Yorkshire*, Hartley (3)
- 9 *White House Years*, Kissinger (10)
- 10 *How to Invest Your Money and Profit From Inflation*, Shalson (4)

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Sex 1980-tall oaks from elderly acorns grow

By Alan Fotheringham

Well, if a 70-year-old can produce sperm, I suppose the natural inclination is to want to save it. I mean really safe, even if you can't because it is. So an underground concrete chamber is logical. I refer of course to the quality *Sperm Repository* for Geriatric Choice, the branch of California millionaire Robert Graham who has had the Nobel laureates donate their very handy seed to his exclusive sperm bank. The idea is to sprinkle this seed among young and bright and healthy ladies, and if you can't get an afternoon sperm apart out of that you're a lesser man than I, Gough Dio.

Stanford University's William Shockley, winner of the 1956 Nobel Prize for physics, is the 73-year-old who has proudly boasted that he is one of the ones who gave at the bank, therefore disproving the theory that it's the eyes that go first. What intrigues me more (I'm 20) is the belief that a 70-year-old's sperm, conceived within an IQ that goes off the Richter scale, would automatically be preferable to the previous donation of some young hunk like, say, Tom Spinks. Surely we're got to take into account, dearborn, the deterioration of the equipment, like the one-hose-shape where all the parts were at at the same time.

I tend to suspect that because Mr. Graham, the genius who thought this up, is 74, the whole rationale is glorified perversion rather than improvement of the human race. It's sort of like Boreas—because it's there. Personally, I prefer Fred Astaire, who at 80 is about to marry 25-year-old Robin Smith, the noted female jockey, and instead of lacking his gonads away in underground concrete vaults for the use of cranky oldsters, some decision here is prepared to act in living color right now. I once met Miss Smith, the two of us crowded to the point of comfort into the Alan Fotheringham is a columnist for the PP News Service.

back of a station wagon with a pack of jockeys during a rainstorm at Sacramento's last race, and my admiration for Mr. Astaire's skills, not to mention his stamina, has advanced from bounding to fathomless. I've always liked the comment of the 46-year-old Cleveland sportswriter who, when Berman was retired to stud, wrote, "He is everything I am not. He is young, handsome, a millionaire and his entire sex life lies before him."



The genuine dreamer, Mr. Graham, infers as that these lucky women have so far become impregnated with this even of the even, the cerebral match "I don't want a whole flock of ordinary women," he says. Of course not. We can't have a Be Derek muddying the gray matter. It recalls the historic most celebrated attempt at this type of matching of the zmes when a celebrated beauty proposed to George Bernard Shaw that they match looks to produce a child with her features and his brains. Shaw declined with the suggestion that the babe might end up with his looks and her brains.

It was Dr. Hermann Muller, another laureate Nobel winner (1946, genetics), who signed a quarter-century ago the establishment of sperm banks stocked only with the donations from brilliant men. I always have the delightful impression of the janitor, muffled by this annual arrogance, doing his own thing. The thought of a master race pro-

duced on a chess board is, naturally, most beckoning. We have the gift of Jack Bauer, the fellow grace of Jeanne Seavey. What laureate, what future Tredans, what Howard Grady could they produce? Robert Gould and Charlotte Whitten, think what they could have produced. A feminist who can't remember the lyrics to songs Gay LaFleur and Carole Taylor? Steve Paproski and Sonoma Hall? The genetic engineering possibilities are endless, especially in this country which continually elects Liberal governments and obviously needs a national improvement in taste.

The problem is not in the preservation of the liquid genius of our hypertensive Phila, it is in the selection process faced by the future housewife. After she has gazed up the detergent, the Willie Nelson tapes and the cat food at the supermarket, the problem will be selecting one's light-fitting genes at the push-button sperm dispenser. Does one, diving high as Tom Spinks, take home a cassette containing all the winsome charm of Harold Ballard? A wail of Gordon Sinclair's bile? The surname of Eugene Welles might be a big seller. John Crocker, sold by the owner, might put an 18-cent uper in your tank. Who knows? How thin can one spread Pierre Berthe? We might find out. Is Farley Fawcett all bark and no peak? The Consumers' Association of Canada might find out. Is there a demand for an asphalted Larry Kell? The marketplace would soon determine.

This, one suggests, is the key. Not boring contributions, dug out of the concrete of Southern California, by dirty old geriatrics. But true products of red-blooded Canadian creativity. Bruno Gerstein alone could find yet another current Peter Longford, through the supermarket dispensers of the land, might find he is more appreciated than hedonist old Willie should be deprived of the will of Jean Chrétien? Cautious may yet be advised—by infertile sperm. Thank you, Robert Graham.

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